THE FRENCH RIVIERA

By DEVOLUY AND BOREL

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By

PIERRE DEVOLUY

& PIERRE BOREL

MEDICI SOCIETY LTD.

THE PICTURE GUIDES

THE FRENCH RIVIERA

The ITALIAN LAKES *(2nd impression)*
by Gabriel FAURE.

GRENOBLE & THEREABOUTS *by* H. FERRAND.

In Preparation:

MONT BLANC *by* Roger TISSOT.

The LAND OF St. FRANCIS OF ASSISI
ASSISI & PERUGIA
by Gabriel FAURE.

EVIAN to NICE (THE ROUTE DES ALPES)
by Henri FERRAND.

LOURDES & THEREABOUTS
by Charles BAUSSAN:
Introduction *by* René BAZIN.

Also: TOURAINE & ITS CHATEAUX: FLANDERS:
NORMANDY: VENICE: BRITTANY: PAU TO BIARRITZ

THE FRENCH RIVIERA

by PIERRE DEVOLUY and PIERRE BOREL

WITH A PREFACE

by ARNOLD BENNETT

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Sunset at Estérel.

PREFACE

Amid all the implacable competition of holiday-resorts and health-resorts, the Riviera more than maintains its prestige. Indeed the supreme rivalries in the world of the organisation of pleasure lie between certain neighbouring towns on this Mediterranean shore. Immense campaigns are conducted, with immense capital; the very characters of whole communities are changed by the will of two or three forceful individuals possessing imagination; and whatever the results the Riviera must gain. People may, and people do, inveigh against the Riviera. Let them. Let them say, for instance, that you can walk up one side of a famous avenue and get sunstroke, and down the other side a minute later and get a chill. Let them say that when it rains on the Riviera it does rain, or that the purveying inhabitants are out to empty your purse, or that you never know what repellent notorieties you won't meet there, or a hundred other things. No matter. The serpentine string of pearls continues to glitter more and more brightly. And you continue to go south — if and when you can obtain seats in the packed Blue train.

The reason for the triumph of the long coast-line is plain. It is connected with the facts that the Riviera is accessible, and that the world is

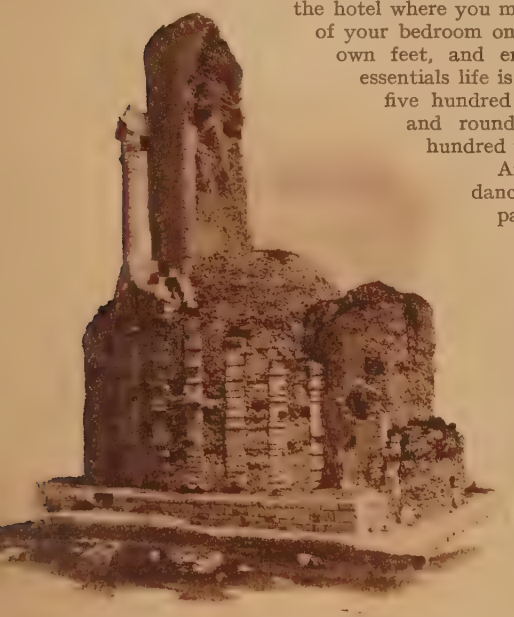
Lake of Allos.

richer than it was, and that travel and lodging and catering have been scientifically organised just as manufacture has been organised; and it is centrally based on the paramount fact of climate and geography. The Mediterranean has been the home of pleasure for centuries simply because of its natural advantages. When you have variegated and sublime scenery, and equable winter temperature, cataracts of sunshine, and a sea that is bluer than any artist can paint it, you have all the raw material, and much of the finished material, of an unsurpassable winter pleasure-resort. Heaven has begun the work, and one may say that the modern makers of the Riviera have completed it. The region may not be Paradise; and I agree that it is certainly not the garden of Eden; but its qualities immeasurably outweigh its defects; it is the best substitute for Paradise or Eden available for seekers after such places, and anyhow the real Paradise cannot be reached without a far longer and more terrifying journey than that which separates Calais from Nice.

The point of the Riviera is this, — that there, when other regions sadden the soul and mortify the body, you can walk out of a morning and feel that it is a delight and an ecstasy merely to be alive. Call it heliotherapy.

And in whatever fashion you prefer to be alive, the Riviera is capable

of suiting your taste. If you desire to burn money, to startle the righteous, to turn night into day, to exist as you would exist in London or Paris — only more so, the Riviera gives all the facilities. If you have to look twice at a ten-shilling note before spending it, the Riviera will eagerly meet you, — so much so that within a radius of a couple of hundred yards in one of the larger pearls you can live just as cheaply or just as expensively as you wish. Again if your notion of being alive is to devote yourself to outdoor games and sports, the Riviera will provide you with everything to that end — except possibly foxes. Again, if for you the ideal existenceis the primexistence, regular, monotonous, correct, utterly calm, selfcentred, rapt away from the world, conscientiously repudiating the roughworld, the Riviera can offer you exactly what you need. Again, if you are historically curious you can, within the limits of a short motor-drive on the Riviera, pass from the most modern race-course and totalisator right back to the authentic Roman coliseum where men fought their fellow-beasts, or from a twentieth century water-main to an aqueduct that is nearly as old as sin. Again, if your caprice is to live in different civilisations on the same day, you can stroll out of the hotel where you may regulate the temperature of your bedroom on a dial, climb a hill on your own feet, and enter a village where in all essentials life is endured as it was endured five hundred years ago in the dwellings and round about the keeps of five hundred years ago.



And so, through the abundance of geology, botany, scenic panoramas, marine displays, sun-risings, sun-settings, carnivals, shrines, I might continue the catalogue of contrasts in this Alp-enclosed land where every city has its ancient quarter as picturesque as its new quarter is geometrically prosaic. The truth is that nobody could believe the Riviera who has not seen it.

ARNOLD BENNETT

La Turbie.
The Trophy of Augustus.

Monaco. — Sub-tropical Garden.

Les Iles d'Or, near Agay.

CHAPTER I

Eastern Provence; The Riviera or the Empire of the Sun.

The Riviera ! How the dweller in lands of mist and fog longs for it ! How joyfully he greets it, when, between Valence and Montélimar he enters Provence by the Rhone valley, the Highroad of the World, as Mistral, the Provençal poet, called it.

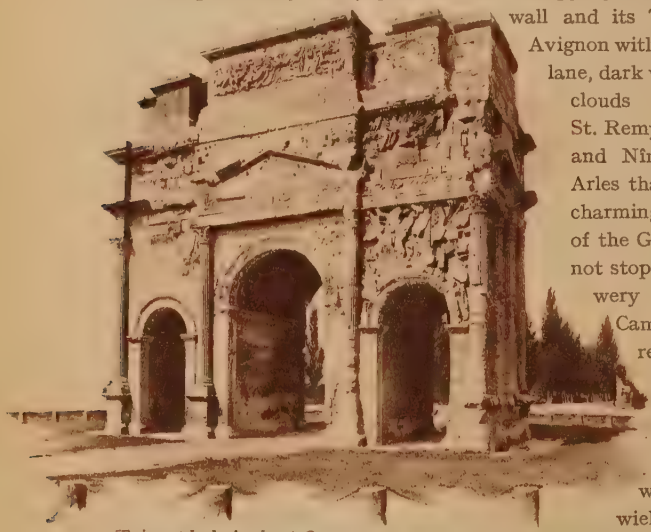
For the Rhone valley collects all the peoples of the various dark and gloomy countries, from Brittany to Scandinavia, it crowds them into its proud highway, marked out as it were with triumphal arches, it mixes them together, pushes them about and thrusts them out finally towards the sun.

Emerging from the Pass of Donzère, escaping with the great river from the restraint of the mountains, each passionate pilgrim of the Côte

d'Azur might well repeat the welcome of the Prince of Orange, in Mistral's *Poème du Rhône :*

Hail Empire of the Sun ! who bounds
As with a silver hem the glorious Rhône
Empire of Solace and of Cheer
Empire fantastic of Provence
Whose very name brings joy into the world !

And if, having entered with the Rhone into this Empire of the Sun, we now pass many lovely places without stopping — Orange with its wall and its Triumphal Arch, Avignon with its chimes, Maillane, dark with the hovering clouds of the Mistral, St. Remy, Aix, Les Baux and Nîmes ; if we pass Arles that venerable and charming city the Rome of the Gauls (1), if we do not stop to tread the flowery meadows of La Camargue, if we merely greet Marseilles and Toulon in passing, it is not in order to forsake Provence whose very name wields some magic charm, but in order to come more quickly into the very heart of that Provence of Provence which spreads out before us all the way from the Iles d'Or to Ventimiglia, with its forests of cork-oak, its olive and lemon groves, its profusion of roses and jasmine. This district has come to be known as the *Riviera Provençale*, because it is a continuation of the *Riviera di Ponente*. It



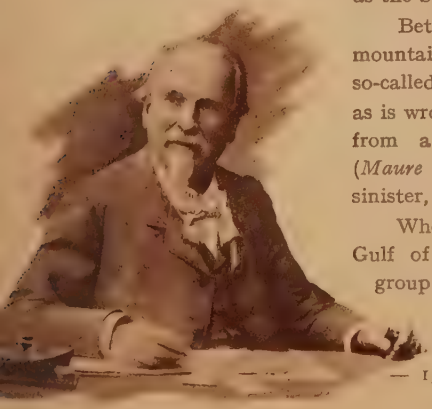
Triumphal Arch at Orange.

(1) The *Gallula Roma Arelas* of Ausonius.

Avignon. — The Bridge of St. Benézet.

begins at the broad bay of Hyères where the coast-line takes a north-easterly direction towards Genoa.

We can enter this part of Provence — fragrant above all others — by the *Chemin des Peuples* through Vidauban and Fréjus (as the P. L. M. line does) or we can follow the winding coast from Hyères to St. Raphael as the *Sud-France* line does.



Mistral.

Between these two routes lies the great mountain mass of the *Chaine des Maures*, so-called from their sombre colour and not, as is wrongly stated in most Guide-Books, from a connection with the Saracens (*Maure* or *moure* in Provençal means dark, sinister, brown).

When we arrive at the depression of the Gulf of Fréjus, we see another mountain group in front of us, the Estérel, beyond

Arrival in the Riviera. — Viaduct near Cannes.

which what may truly be called the heart of the Riviera smiles and blossoms right away to the Alps.

Is there any joy of sight or feeling to be compared with that of waking after a night in the train, to look out on the fantastic contours of the shores of the Estérel? The delight of this blue sea with its infinite depth of colour, splashed here and there with streaks of porphyry where the sun lights up blood red tints. And one can hardly keep back a cry of admiration when suddenly, after passing Trayas, one catches sight, towards the north-east, of the panorama of Cannes and the Isles of Lérins, and far away in the dim distance, the shores of Nice topped by the snowy Alps.

After passing Estérel igneous rocks crop out here and there towards Cannes and the Cap d'Antibes, then one enters a country of more recent geological formation. The climate changes at the same time; sheltered from the Mistral by the Maures and Estérel mountains, the shore is one immense orchard of lemon, orange, olive, and eucalyptus trees.

To the north of this stretch of coast from Cannes to Nice, the view is shut in by a limestone barrier which extends from Montauroux by

Grasse and Vence to the valley of the lower Var, a barrier in many parts crowned by high, precipitous rocks.

It bounds on the south a hilly hinterland, the last outcrop towards Provence of the Alpine system. The valleys run, generally speaking, east and west. Swift and singing rivers have cut out picturesque and winding channels for themselves, marked by deep and imposing gorges. The heights are crowned with snow for part of the year. The northern slopes are covered with magnificent forests. This whole district, so hilly and so varied, terminates in the high cliffs above the deep gorges of the lower Var.

To the south of the limestone barrier which bounds it, low-lying hills and delicious little valleys extend right down to the sea at Cannes and Antibes. Their heights are crowned by stirring little towns, full of life, such as Grasse, Vence and Cagnes. Others lie beside the sea, Cannes, Golfe Juan, and Antibes. Many little villages light up a countryside clothed with olive, orange and fig trees and with vineyards : Mouans-Sartoux, Mougins, Valbonne, Vallauris, Roquefort, la Colle, la Gaude, St. Paul, Villeneuve-Loubet, St. Laurent du Var.

Anchorage at Villefranche.

And now we come to the lower Var, a broad valley which bounds to the west the commune of Nice and was for long the division between the States of the Duke of Savoy and the Kingdom of France, without ever being the frontier of language or of customs which, on both sides, have always remained Provençal.

Nice itself, a town of nearly 200.000 native inhabitants, which Robert of Souza called the *Winter Capital of the World* leans back as it were against the most captivating foothills, the last outposts of the Alps. We shall deal with Nice at length, later on. Further east the coast is formed of steep cliffs which fall sheer into the water. This is the enchanted region of the Corniche, with Villefranche and its great bay, Beaulieu and its Petite Afrique, Eze, Cap d'Ail, la Turbie, the Principality of Monaco, and Roquebrun. Further on the beautiful little Bay of Mentone with its town stretched along the sea-shore, extends as far as Pont-St-Louis, the Italian frontier. Four valleys run up from Mentone, the valleys of Gorbio, Borrigo, Carei and Fossands.

Such, from the Maures mountains to the Ligurian Alps is the general lie of the Provençal Riviera of which Nice is the chief town and the principal centre of attraction.

Hyères.

CHAPTER II

The Maures Mountains and Fréjus.

The group of the Maures is like an island of igneous rock set down between the sea and that triassic belt of land in front of the limestone range which extends from Draguignan to Montauroux. This belt has been called the *Chemin des Peuples* because it was one of the great historic highways of Gaul. The P. L. M. line from Marseilles to Ventimiglia follows this route.

In travelling by the straight line of the *Sud-France* railway between Hyères and St. Raphael, we pass along the foot of the mountains by the sea-shore. The coast in front of the Chaine des Maures takes a peculiar character from the very nature of these mountains. It is cut up into little rocky bays of sharp enchanting outline, all the way from Carquei-

Cavalaire.

râne to Cavalaire. Vast forests of pine and mimosa, dense thickets of myrtle and cistus slope steeply down from the summit of Sermonnaire and the Croupe de Ramatuelle.

Hyères, built on a little hill some distance from the sea, is the oldest winter resort of Provence. Although now eclipsed by Cannes, Nice and Mentone, it is still justly appreciated for the mildness of its climate. The panorama from the sea front of Hyères with its girdle of islands, Porqueroles, Port Cros and le Levant is one of the most captivating of the whole coast.

Along the shore as far as Cap Lardier, charming winter resorts have spung up with delightful beaches, — Carqueiranne, le Lavandou (almost at the foot of the old village of Bormes), Cavalière, Prat Mousquier, Canadel and finally, on the edge of its majestic bay, Cavalaire, with the Château of Pardigon a little further on.

The bay of Cavalaire is one of the wonders of the district, pine, eucalyptus, mimosa, cork-oak and evergreen-oak, grow right down to the great beach of fine sand, one of the most beautiful beaches of the whole Mediterranean. And the summer sea-bathing season attracts as many strangers to Cavalaire, as the winter season.

Beyond the peninsula of Ramatuelle, the Bay of St Tropez opens out before us with Cogolin and Grimaud on its little hill : further on, on the other side of the bay we see the smiling villas of Ste-Maxime, and at our feet, St. Tropez which is one of the most picturesque little fishing ports of the Riviera. It is at St.Tropez that what is probably the most important celebration of the *Bravade* take place very July. The origin of this Festival is not quite clear.

We have passed along the south side of the Maures: the great stream of tourists generally go round them on the north, by the main line; very few penetrate to the interior of the mountains. But if only we grasped the pilgrims staff and set out from the coast or the *Chemin des Peuples!* With its rounded heights of gneiss and granite, its giant chestnuts, pines and cork-oaks, its vast green meadows at the foot of its wide valleys, its tranquil lakes, its gum-trees and cistuses, its heaths and brooms its impenetrable thickets of rose-laurel — this varied country of many moods offers on certain days of the rainy season, even here on the shores of the Mediterranean, an outlook which might be in Auvergne or in Brittany, so impregnated is it with melancholy. — But when lit up by the sun it is suddenly transformed into a tropical African region.

In order to experience the peculiar fascination of the Maures, I should advise you to start on foot from Cogolin some afternoon and follow the footpath which leads by Chartreuse de la Verne to Collobrières. Camp for a night there among the ruins of the Monastery. When day breaks, you will be surrounded by impressions you will never forget.

Standing in the heart of this forest of chestnut-trees, many of which are hundreds of years old, the crumbling walls of the Monastery are only held up by stays of enormously thick ivy which bore through them, twine round them, bind them together and gnaw into them — but prevent them from falling. A relentless growth of plants and shrubs has, with the passing of years, taken complete possession of the place and all but submerged the ruined Monastery. Tradition tells us that it was built in the XIIth century by Bishop Fouques of Fréjus and was for long, with St. Hon-

Le Lavandou.

The Harbour of St. Tropez.

orat, Celle-Roubaud and Thoronet one of the most famous Abbeys of Provence.

Today it stands silent and deserted in the heart of this solemn mountain.

Tall ferns grow up through the crevices of the porch and cover the graves of ardent youth. And it seems as if the wild tangle of arbutus and the branches of cork-oaks, jealously enclose and guard the ruins of the pillars and architraves, to display them with pride in their green setting, as if to proclaim the complete mastery of nature over man.

The rough path which leads down through rocks of mica schist from Chartreuse

Bathers at Cavalaire.

A Riviera Sunset.

Bandol. — The Shore.

de la Verne to Collobrières, is overgrown and surrounded by thickets of broom and cistus. It leads out into a lovely meadowed valley through which we approach Collobrières.

From this charming Provençal city we proceed to Fréjus by the great *Chemin des Peuples* which takes us through many rich little villages — Solliès, Cuers, Carnoules, Gonfaron, Le Luc, Vidauban, Les Arcs, Le Muy, Le Puget — through a land of red and fertile soil where the vines yield pleasant wines, sometimes, it is true, a little bitter.

After crossing the plateau of Puget, the country assumes a different aspect, characteristic of the neighbourhood of Fréjus. It is a positive aesthetic treat to wander towards the grim mountains of Bagnol, black with its pine woods, through these terraces which lie so beautifully before us, pale amaranth with the dwarf variety of pines such as I never saw anywhere else and which make the view from Reiran strangely luminous and chimerical, unlike that from any other place.

The ruins of Fréjus have an intimate and almost human feeling about them which is generally wanting in remains of the Roman period. The masonry is on a small scale as at Cimiez, and has none of the grandiose character of the monuments of Arles, of Nîmes, or of Vienne,

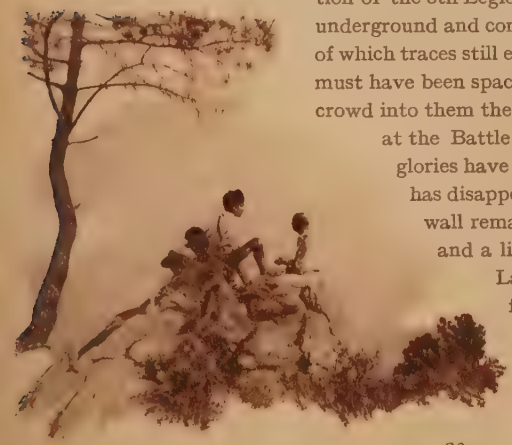
Château de Grimaud

which bear comparison with the Colisseum.

If we climb the hill of the *Forum Julii*, we find no trace of the palace or the temples which stood there, nothing but miserable pasture-land, with here and there a few vegetables. But excavations here have brought a few coins and lamps of the time of the Emperors, to light, as well as one fine head of Jupiter, which was hidden for many centuries under the ruins of the *Porte Dorée*.

Bay of Bonporteau.

The Amphitheatre and the Roman Ramparts preserve vestiges of their former grandeur and are now classified among the historical monuments and protected from destruction. The ramparts surrounded a town five times as large as the little Fréjus of to-day. Caesar and Augustus established a military port of the first importance here under the protection of the 8th Legion; it was probably constructed underground and connected with the sea by a canal of which traces still exist. The basins of this harbour must have been spacious, because it was possible to crowd into them the two hundred galleys captured at the Battle of Actium. All these maritime glories have disappeared; the harbour itself has disappeared. Nothing of its encircling wall remains except one small fragment and a little octagonal tower called the Lantern of Augustus... But one feels no bitterness in the presence of this decay. One enjoys the neglected overgrown



The Pradels. — On the top.

gardens without any feeling of sadness, even to the great rose-laurels which grow at the very spot where the galley of Augustus was moored. The wealth of legend and history with which this district is impregnated seems to make its very air indescribably exhilarating.

Fréjus. — Old Gateway.

On leaving the town itself, one comes all of a sudden to a place from which the whole beautiful country-side lies spread out before us, bathed in the full glory of the setting sun. It is a view at once romantic and Virgilian, enhanced as it is by the high arches of the Roman Aqueduct. This Aqueduct brought the water from one of the sources of the Siagnole to Fréjus and was about 45 kilometers long. If the traveller wished to study some special aspect of the works of the Romans, who defied every kind of difficulty, I should recommend him to follow this Aqueduct along its course. He will, I am sure, be astonished when he sees, a short distance

from the mill of Mons, how the Aqueduct is carried round some perpendicular cliffs at a place where it seems impossible that building could have been done. One of the rocks has been marvellously divided as if hewn in two by an axe, in order to make a straight channel of which the sides, which almost touch each other, are more than ten meters high. This rock,

Old Gateway, Hyères.

the *Roco Taiado* or divided rock, is one of the curiosities of the district.

In conclusion let me say that this Roman Aqueduct, after being a ruin for two thousand years, was utilised in part in 1832 and again in 1918, when efforts were made first to ensure and then to improve, the water supply of the coast of Fréjus...

Provence was so ruthlessly sacked and pillaged by the Barbarians and the Saracens, that nearly all its documents previous to the Xth century, have disappeared. And so we know nothing but the names of the

Fréjus. — Roman Ruins.

first Bishops of Fréjus, St. Léonce and St. Aigulph. The victory of the Count of Provence over the infidels was therefore an important event for this country where the land, which lay fallow, had neither lords nor labourers. A document belonging to the Abbey of St. Victor of Marseilles shows us this Count, William I, surnamed *Père de la Patrie*, on horseback, riding out to oversee the men who were marking out the new boundaries of his domains... It was he who invested Riculphe, Bishop of Fréjus with a piece of land and helped him to rebuild the little town which was the cradle of the See of Fréjus, a See the history of which is not wanting in greatness.

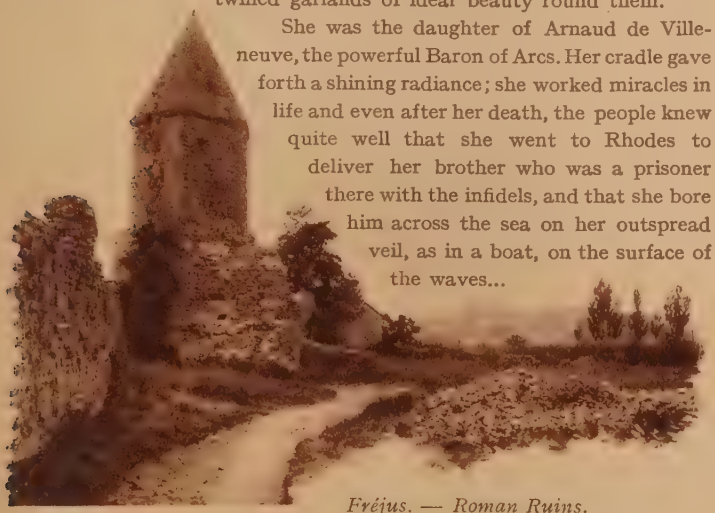
Among the most famous Bishops of Fréjus we must mention Jacques d'Uèze (1300) who became a famous Pope under the title of John XXII he rebuilt the battlements at Avignon; also the Abbé of Fleury, the almoner of Louis XIV (1698).

Entering the city of these Bishops let us wander through the streets whose houses have such a grand air, where one is jostled by a dark and eager throng who sing in speaking, after the manner of Provence. There in the early morning market will be found the first fruits of

the season and the fragrance of sweet basil and vervain float in the air. We soon come to the Cathedral of St. Etienne, founded perhaps by Riculphe. Its doors date from 1530, it has carved wood statues in the Choir, and a fine altar-piece by Jacques Durandi of Nice, the *Blessing of St. Margaret.* To the left of the porch we must notice the Baptistry which was possibly an ancient heathen temple, and beside the church, the Cloister which was sacked, but where skilful and intelligent restoration is about to restore the beautiful pillars and their capitals.

Wandering through these ruins the past irresistibly lays hold of us. It impresses us by these authentic documents, whether written on stone or on parchment, and it stirs us with beautiful and tragic legends. We are in the country of St. Francis de Paul and of St. Roseline. St. Francis delivered Fréjus from the plague and left behind him, by the blessings he spread over the country, an imperishable memory of his journey through it. St. Roseline, is the patron Saint, ideally good and young and beautiful, of this country-side. Her very name is like the caress of angels' wings and as for the virtues she practised in her life, the people of Provence have twined garlands of ideal beauty round them.

She was the daughter of Arnaud de Villeneuve, the powerful Baron of Arcs. Her cradle gave forth a shining radiance; she worked miracles in life and even after her death, the people knew quite well that she went to Rhodes to deliver her brother who was a prisoner there with the infidels, and that she bore him across the sea on her outspread veil, as in a boat, on the surface of the waves...



Fréjus. — Roman Ruins.

As a child she was the good angel of the poor who came to her from all over the country: as they were often importunate, the Baron sometimes had them driven away. One day when they were bewailing their lot outside, Roseline secretly filled her little basket with bread and set out to cross the draw-bridge in order to take it to them. But her father saw her :

" What have you there, my child, in your basket? ", he asked.

" Oh sir " replied the little saint, " they are, I think, roses. "

And it was in fact a magnificent wreath of roses which she lifted out of her basket...

Fréjus. — Retable of St. Margaret, by Jacques Durandi XVth. century.

The Riviera near St. Raphael.

CHAPTER III

St. Raphael. The Estérel. The Corniche d'Or. Tanneron.

We leave Fréjus to go to St. Raphael, only a short distance away. But what a contrast between that old roman and episcopal city and this new and radiant town of modern villas !...

Leaving on our right the lane of rose-laurels which leads down to the beach (where an aerodrome is established) we follow the highroad and notice in passing, the large and beautiful country-house of General Galliéni. This great soldier who saved France by taking the initiative on the Ourcq, has sought a retreat in this glorious part of the world.

The little port of St. Raphael evokes two poignant memories. It was here that General Bonaparte arrived triumphant from Egypt in 1799. Here that the Emperor Napoleon embarked furtively for the island of Elba

Saint Raphael.

in 1814. A pyramid of porphyry in the Cours Jean-Bart marks the double event.

Go down to the harbour at sunset some evening when the Mistral is blowing and the port is full of lateen rigged craft. These great boats stand out impressively in the glowing sky against the distant Maures mountains which appear darker than ever because of the incandescent wave as of molten lava which seems to roll over their summits. The mainsails and jibs of these craft swing gently to and fro, while their yards, like those of Ulysses barque, trace the sign immemorial of the Latin seas, incessantly and urgently in the air.

The Gulf of Fréjus, which opens up between the Maures and Estérel, is justly famed for the vividness of its skies. Whether in the leafy lanes of Valescure, on the red coast of Boulouris, towards Fréjus or towards St. Aygulph, this district abounds in intimate little homely beauties, as well as in grandiose spectacles, to both of which the prevailing and penetrating azure, gives a peculiar value. It is only natural that many poets and artists have already honoured it.

St. Raphael itself, formerly a little fishing village, had no great fame till our own day. Some Roman remains have been excavated there, among

Saint Raphael

Le Trayas.

others, traces of a Piscina on the site on which the present Casino stands. And it is thought that the great Romans of the *Forum Julii* had their villas here. It is also known that the Templars founded important establishments here, of which the tower and the apse of the parish church are the last vestiges. But in spite of these vague historical reminiscences, the future of St. Raphael remained obscure and as the village was not on the main route from Aix to Antibes, famous travellers never even mentioned it. It had to wait till the middle of the XIXth century to see its name emerge from obscurity.

Captivated by the unspoiled beauty of its shores writers, musicians and painters settled there and made it fashionable; Hamon and Fromentin painted many canvases there. Gounod, that prolific composer, wrote many of his scores there. But it was Alphonse Karr who made the fortune of St. Raphael. In 1864, he built his famous "*Maison Close*" there from which he launched forth in praise of the place of his heart where he died in 1890.

Palm Trees.

Leaving this modern and lovely little town with its handsome villas, its palaces, its Casino, its boulevards and its sandy beach, we must brave the crossing formerly a serious

matter but now easy and delightful — of the Estérel, in order to reach Cannes and Nice.

The mass of volcanic rock, principally porphyry, which forms the Estérel extends in precipitous limestone cliffs along the sea-shore, on the summits or in the folds of which, between Draguignan and Grasse the following little towns and villages cling — Bargemon, Seillans, Fayence, Callian, Montauroux, Saint-Cézaire, le Tignet and Cabris. To

Le Trayas.

this day only one carriage road, the *route nationale*, crosses the Estérel between Fréjus and Cannes, following a hilly track which made a deep impression on President de Brosses, who crossed it in 1740 and wrote as follows. " On leaving Fréjus we did nothing but climb up and up and by very steep ascents. The side of the road was precipitous, which seemed to my companions an excessively bad arrangement. As for me, I thought this road the most beautiful in the whole world. It was, indeed, constructed with great care and lies through most wonderful forests and trees.

After having climbed " very high ", " excessively " as this Bourgignon says, to the *Logis de Paris*, the road begins to descend, passing the *Auberge des Adrets* and soon coming out on to the plain of the Siagne.

Le Trayas.

The Inn. Des Adrets.

But twenty years ago, a great tourist road, the *Corniche d'Or* was built along the sea-shore between St. Raphael and La Napoule. It is a road of enchantment. It winds round the villas, the fairy-like gardens of Boulouris, past the bluish porphyry quarries of Dramont, it encircles the lovely curve of the harbour of Agay and follows the sinuous windings of the coast through fragrant pine woods. But alas ! one cannot travel this road without deploring the heat wave which burns up this district at least partially, every year. Immense riches are lost there for want of special irrigation services ready for emergencies; personnel, material and roads.

After passing Cap Roux and Trayas, there is a continuous succession of villas scattered along the shore or a little distance back from it. We pass the Col de l'Esquillon, at the side of which is a justly famous inn. We pass through Théoule and by a zig-zag road descend to La Napoule, with the incomparable panorama of Cannes and the Islands of Lérins spread before us.

The tourist service has in our day developed a network of roads and paths which allow the traveller to penetrate easily to the very heart of the Estérel. But this immense block of porphyry which is nearly always red, whose spurs invade the shore and shine, bloodred in the rays of the

setting sun, this waste of rocks and forests remains nevertheless the savage lairof the fairy Estérelle who intoxicates and then decoys her passionate lovers; they follow her ceaselessly and always in vain, in this vast labyrinth where tracks and paths are lost among pines, arbutus, cork-oak, and which, overgrown by thorny cistus, myrtle, broom and heath, seem to come from nowhere and to lead nowhere...

This strange and captivating country could not fail to be adored by artists. Many have tried to capture the spirit of Estérel, and set it down on canvas — But it is as elusive as her fairy. Among the many artists who have painted here we may mention Claude Monet, P. Signac, H. Rivière, René Ménard, Valtat, Marius Robert, Henri Lebasque, etc.

A land of ambuscades and brigands, this country was the solid rampart of the Provençal partisans who decimated the army of Charles V in 1536. One of them Antoine Arène *(Antonius Arena)* of Solliès has left us an account of that guerrilla warfare in verse, la *Maigre entreprise de l'Empereur catholique*, a work which is a masterpiece of good humour, picturesque description and truth.

But it must be allowed that it was not always in such noble causes that these lonely heights resounded to the report of firearms. It is suppo-

The Summit of Mont Vinaigre.

sed that for a long period the banditti found there the ideal refuge of their dreams. On the western flank of Mont Vinaigre, there is a certain cave of Gaspard de Bresse called after that famous Provençal bandit; and on the main road, the Auberge des Adrets, now a delightful spot of absolute peace, had not always, we are told, such an enviable reputation.

That part of the Estérel which lies to the north of the road, is less known to strangers than the rest. In fact, some maps give no information about Estérel except that part of the mountain between the road and the sea. It is a great pity, for the Mass of the Tanneron, which, from the depression caused on one side by the Reiran, on the other by the Argentière, rears up its igneous rocks as far as the cliffs of Grasse and Montauroux, is as picturesque as any part of the Estérel. It is more varied and it has fewer streams, but its striking scenery is peculiar to itself. I know few places which for sheer beauty can rival the windings of the Biançonnet or the Siagne. The latter stream, after emerging from the limestone gorge of St. Cézaire enters a rocky region of earlier geological formation. Mont Vinaigre (618 metres) which rises to the south and near the road, towers over the whole of Estérel.

One can make many wonderful, excursions on Estérel. But if pressed

Saint Baume.

Mouth of the Siagne.

for time and yet desirous of entering into the spirit of this strange and radiant country, break off from the main road at Agay and follow the river. From Gratadis one can go either to the Gorge of Malinfernet, where Guy de Maupassant wandered one evening, or by the road to the right (practicable for motors) which follows, in part, the ancient Roman road and passes close to the little oratory of St. Honorat and to the foot of St. Pilon. From the mountain hut, one has to climb on foot to the chapel of St. Baume and the summit of Cap Roux (436 metres). Then the path leads on to the Col des Lentisques, an important junction of roads and by the western flank of the Crête des Replats to the house in the forest whence one descends to join the road to Cannes.

Some winter's afternoon, when the sun has sunk low in the Heavens, climb up on to the Replats. An indescribably beautiful sight awaits you. As you climb up, suddenly the whole district round Nice and Cannes comes into sight, from below you right away over to the distant Alps. It is at once a revelation and an inspiration. Low down in the Heavens, like a drift of white lilies in some celestial garden, a faint streak of snow

gleams delicately against the blue sky of waning daylight.It crowns a vast array of hill-tops, a field of peaks, ravines and heights, from the glaciers of Mercantour and Gélas right away to Mont Agel which rises steeply out of the Bay of Monaco. To the left the mountains of Grasse seem to lean against the snowy arête of Cheiron.

All this harmonious, yet richly varied country is washed by the waves of the Mediterranean along the curves of its sea-shore; promontories covered with pines and olives, where poets as well as crowned heads have hid their joys and sorrows, stretch out into the sea, -- Cap Martin, Cap Ferrat, Cap d'Antibes... One can almost make out the lake of Eze and the bay of Villefranche; one sees the Gulf of Nice and the proud line of its palaces along the sea-shore, the Gulf of Juan, the Islands of Lérins, and, just at hand, the Gulf of La Napoule with Cannes, white and smiling on the shore at our feet.

Alphonse Karr's House.

Cannes. — Promenade de la Croisette.

CHAPTER IV

The Plain of Laval. Cannes. The Islands of Lérins.

The traveller who, on coming from the Estérel by the valley of the Siagne, is filled with admiration by the sight of the hills of Grasse and Cannes covered with their luxuriant greenery and profusion of flowers, must not fail to notice the wide meadows, the forests of giant trees, the stretches of still waters which gleam between green and winding banks. Such a traveller may well say to himself that in the whole Provençal and Ligurian coast he will see nothing to equal this. The plain of Laval, where the grass is always high and the meadows full of flowers, is a sort of alluvial triangle of which the base lies between La Napoule and La Bocca and the apex at the point where the Siagne breaks away from the Estérel, a little below Auribeau. One gets a

delightful view looking up over the trees, to the houses of Grasse, scattered about the sides of the mountains.

Perched on its hill-top, the picturesque village of Auribeau keeps green the memory of the heroic resistance its inhabitants offered to the band of Germans who accompanied Prince Eugène and the Duke of Savoy

Cannes. — The Bay of Théoule.

in 1707. A venerable elm-tree is pointed out, under which their ancestors held their municipal assemblies up till the middle of the XVIIIth century.

At La Napoule itself, two towers recall the Castle of Villeneuve, and ruins of Roman foundations evoke memories of the ancient Epulia which was possibly the *Horrea* of Antoninus. Passing Mandelieu some distance away, we soon come to a small isolated hill, almost a block of stone stranded in the plain and bearing on its summit the hermitage of St Cassien. Arluc *(Ara Luci)* stood formerly at the foot of this little eminence, and it was probably near there that the consul Quintus Optimus defeated the Ligurian Oxybians in 155 B. C.

Aloe in blossom.

The theatre of classic history, the shore along which we are travelling is no less rich in legend. Several legends are specially connected with Arluc, among others that of an altar dedicated to the devil, which Ramon Féraud, the troubadour of Nice, has told in Provençal dialect, in verse. A pious youth, called Ambrose, was engaged in his devotions when certain demons, as Féraud tells us " lifted up the altar as easily as if it had been a basket of straw and carried the youth away, meaning

The Cypresses of St. Cassien.

to take him to the nether regions ". But when he was passing over the islands of Lérins, all of a sudden he heard the monks singing matins. He invoked the aid of St. Honorat and at once the demons let him drop. He fell down on to the church, without however hurting himself, and stayed on at Lérins where he became the famous St. Ambrose...

In this curious district of St. Arluc, now called St. Cassien, where religions seem to be particularly combative and intermingled, one finds on the top of the hill a modern chapel and a hermit... And every year in July the *romérage* is celebrated here, a half-sacred, half-profane festival, which always attracts crowds of people. At night the road which leads

up to the chapel is lit up, according to an old tradition, by lanterns brought there and lighted by beggars. It is strange to hear these unfortunates bewailing their lot beside their lamps, in the heart of the woods, under enormous elm trees.

On leaving St. Cassien we come to La Bocca, a suburb of gardens and factories and soon our eyes are dazzled by the splendours of Cannes.

Old Cannes.

On our left we see the Croix des Gardes and the hills of Canet; and as a background to the picture, the valleys of Californie which lead away to the dense forests of the Maure de Vallauris... And everywhere before us, villas, cottages, hotels, palaces, pergolas garlanded with roses, wonderful parks that remind us of fairyland!... It seems as if all the luxury, all the riches of two worlds had been gathered together and set out before us here... And as one stands astounded before the marvels of the gay cosmopolitan life of today, one suddently catches sight of the old Castle of Cannes on its little hill. It seems to smile at us with a friendly air, this native hillock round which the ancient history of the country seems to cling and take refuge.

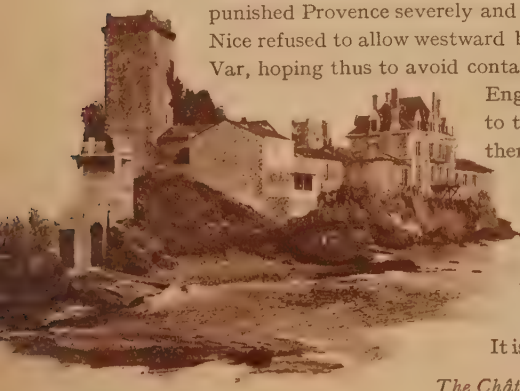
Cannes. — Yachts in Harbour.

Oegytna, the ancient port and fortress of the Oxybians probably stood there. This *oppidum* of our forefathers afterwards became the Chateau Marseillais, then the Chateau Franc, and finally, the commune of Cannes, whose suzerain was the Abbot of Lérins. The origin of it all was this hillock in which we still find delightful testimonies to its past: — the ruins of the Castle, which was commenced about 1070 by Adalbert II, Abbot of Lérins, the tower of Mont Chevalier, the chapel of St. Anne and the church of Our Lady of Good Hope (XVIIth century) which has a beautiful old reliquary and some of the ancient treasures of the church of St. Honorat.

Monument to Lord Brougham.

Cannes. — A Garden.

The new town lies magnificently spread out, at the foot of the hill The population of Cannes has been multiplied by ten in the last hundred years, growing from 3000 inhabitants to nearly 30.000. Who now remembers the curious fact that this growth owed its beginning to an outbreak of cholera? — In 1834 a terrible visitation of that scourge punished Provence severely and the Sardinian government of Nice refused to allow westward bound travellers to cross the Var, hoping thus to avoid contagion. That was why a famous Englishman, Lord Brougham, had to turn back and stay at Cannes, then a humble fishing village. He found it so delightful that he settled down there and attracted many of his friends — the beginning of the English colony which now spends it winters in Cannes.



The Château of La Napoule.

It is impossible to describe all the

Ile Sainte Marguerite.

attractions of Cannes; we can only mention in passing the intoxicating wealth and gaiety of its winter fêtes, the princely receptions, the *Soirées* at the Casino, the Battles of Flowers... Especially since the war Cannes has made praiseworthy efforts to give her fêtes a more artistic character. We mention in particular the classical concerts at the Casino, and the Lecture on Fine Art which seem every year more worthy of their growing fame.

The port of Cannes has become the *rendez-vous* of yachts of both hemispheres and the graceful lines of these vessels show up picturesquely against the old craft of the Latin Seas.

Proceeding along the sea-shore from the harbour, we come to La Croisette, one of the most beautiful and most famous boulevards of the world. It follows the line of the Bay for about 3 kilometres, as far as the Point de la Croisette. Here winter visitors congregate in the afternoons to enjoy the magnificent sight of the Estérel against the setting sun. This great mountain mass, whose wild beauty has already been described, appears from this point like a theatrical drop scene, at once dantesque and mistralian, sometimes like a bold oil-painting, sometimes like a delicate water-colour.

Let us stop at the Pointe de la Croisette and after having looked at the island of St. Marguerite and its old fort, we will turn round and come back the same way to admire the wonderful panorama spread before us... On our extreme right we can just make out the Maures, shrouded in a mist of unreality above the sea. The Estérel is silhouetted above the Gulf of La Napoule. The forests of the Maures and of Vallauris extend nearly to where we are. As we walk on, suddenly a new bay appears, the Gulf of Juan where ships of all the fleets of the world find anchorage. The bay is surrounded by terraced hills, where in May, swarms of young girls pick the orange blossom whose fragrance pervades the whole atmosphere. Further to the right the Cap d'Antibes closes in the Gulf. And beyond, behind Nice, lies the whole glory of the Alps.

There are many interesting walks round Cannes. It is delightful, for example, to climb the hill of Californie, to wander in the woods of the Maure, to follow these paths so delightfully soft to the foot, covered with reddish sand formed of powdered gneiss and glistening with

The Monastery of St. Honorat.

fragments of mica. One is surrounded by eucalyptus, mimosa, pine, broom — and nowhere else have I seen such beautiful arbutus.

Cannes is surrounded by picturesque villages each with its own proud history :

Le Cannet where in 1707, Abbot Ardisson was taken, with a handful of inhabitants and massacred by German robbers. It was in the villa Sardou at Cannet that Rachel, the great actress died in the spring of 1858.

Ile Saint Honorat. — The Pines.

Mougins, the ancient Mons Œgytnœ. *Vallauris*, famous for its pottery. *Golfe-Juan* where Napoleon disembarked in 1815, coming from Elba.

But it is not on shore that we must look for the chief jewel among the beauties of Cannes. Close at hand near the Pointe de la Croisette, we see two emeralds lying on the blue water, the Islands of Lerins, Ste. Marguerite and St.Honorat.

Coming down from the Estérel by the Corniche d'Or, one sees them, lying, one behind the other like two boat-loads of flowers. But here, from Cannes, one hides the other and we only see Ste. Marguerite with its fortified rock and its cliffs rising sheer out of the sea.

St. Honorat.

Cloister of St. Honorat.

If the history of Ste. Marguerite is chiefly that of a fortress and a gaol, that of St. Honorat shines with the full glory of Christianity. For many centuries it was known as the *Island of the Saints of the Mediterranean.*

From whatever cause, St. Honorat was deserted when Honorat visited it at the beginning of the 5th century. And yet it was on this island, inhabited only by serpents, that the Apostle was inspired to found one of the most important Abbeys of Christian times.

In the light of the earliest documents we possess, the power of the Abbeys appears to have been formidable. In a Bull of 1259, the Pope, Alexander IV confirms all the privileges, goods, rights and immunities possessed by the Abbey of Lérins. He enumerates an endless list of these : more than a hundred names of places are mentioned — monasteries, Priories and Manors, in Provence, Liguria, Corsica and Catalonia. During a period of two or three centuries it might be said that the Abbé of Lérins was one of the most powerful " Barons " of Christianity.

The life of St. Honorat is enveloped in a wealth of legend. Here is one of the most touching : It is known that the island of Ste. Marguerite takes

its name from a chapel built in honour of a St. Margaret who suffered martyrdom at Antioch in the third century. Popular tradition made this saint a sister of St. Honorat, living two centuries later. As the rule did not allow women to live on the same island as the monastery, St. Honorat wished to take his sister to the other island, promising that he would himself visit her once a year. Margaret accepted, on condition that his visit should take place whenever the almond-trees came into flower. And she prayed so fervently that they flowered several times a year. Whenever he saw the blossom, Honorat rowed over to see his sister, supported by his cloak which he spread out on the waves like a boat.

Towards the end of the xvth century, the glory of Lérins began to wane. In 1787 there were only four monks left — and they in revolt against their Abbot — when a royal Edict secularised the Abbey. Becoming national property at the Revolution, it was bought by Alziary de Roquefort, one of whose daughters, a famous actress of the *Comédie Française* under the name of M^lle^ de Sainval, retired to Lérins.

It was in this utter solitude that she had an interview one night, it is said, with Fragonard another refugee, who awaited in Grasse, the end of the Terror.

Juan-les-Pins.

CHAPTER V

Antibes, Biot, Cagnes, Villeneuve-Loubet.

I do not remember who it was who said that Antibes was that part of Provence which most resembled Greece. Perhaps that was why the Greeks of Marseilles felt at home there, and founded Antipolis to serve them, according to Strabo, as an advance post against the attacks of our Ligurian forefathers.

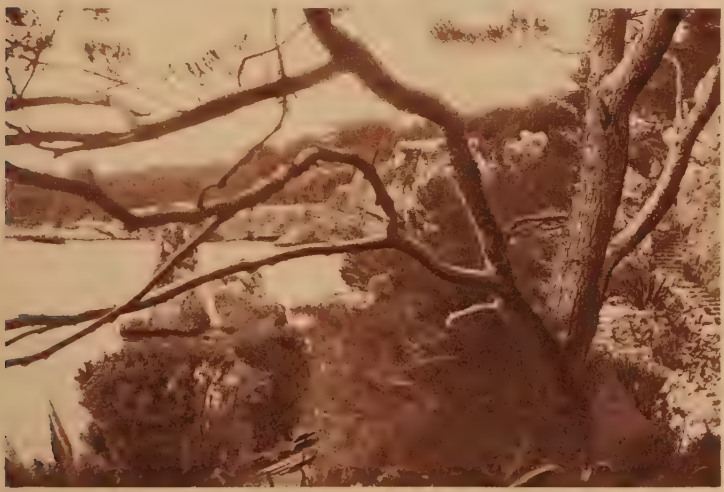
Were there perhaps Phoenician settlers on this coast even earlier that that? It seems likely. But what is almost certain is, that five centuries before Christ, there was here a cult of an Antipolitan Venus, Protectress of sailors, who had all the characteristics of the Phoenician Astarte.

Of the Phocian Antipolis there remains to us only one stone monument, but that one priceless. It is the round serpentine stone which was found in 1866 by Dr. Mougins of Roquefort behind the plaster of a country house. It represents an offering to Venus and bears in Greek

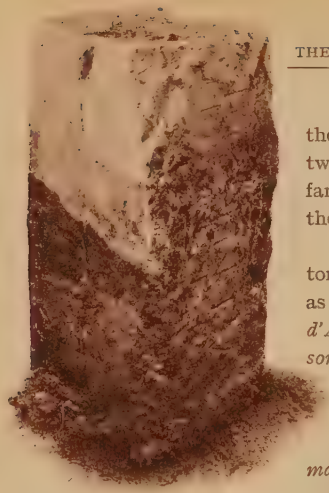
of the Vth or IVth century B. C. an inscription which M. H. Bazin has translated thus :

I am *Terpon, the servant of the august goddess Aphrodite whom Cypris pays to return those who have set me here.*

The Roman period has left many testimonies to the importance and the beauty of Antibes. There was a circus here, a theatre, baths, an aqueduct and the ruins of these buildings still existed towards the end of the XVIIth century. It was then, that when the engineers had to construct new fortifications, according to Vauban's admirable plans, they helped themselves generously to the stones of the ancient monuments. The Chevalier Arazy, author of l'*Histoire de la Ville d'Antibes* (1708) gives a moving testimony on this point : " The precious remains of the theatre " he writes ", were admirable, and the year 1691 saw their complete demolition. The new fortifications were built owing to the convenience of finding the material on the spot. I will not name the worker of this iniquity, in order that I may not give him the same immortality as Herostratus received for having burned the Temple of Diana at Ephesus "



Cap d'Antibes.



Antibes.
The stone in two pieces.

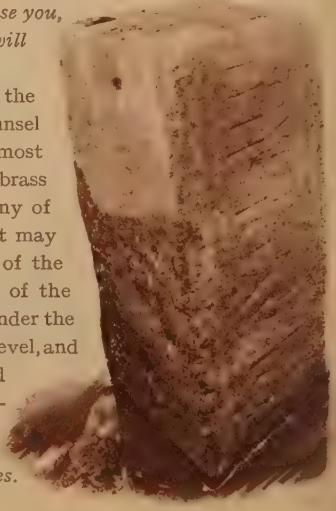
We must not forget that it was in this theatre that " the Septentrion child danced twice or more when twelve years old ", as a famous inscription (now built into the wall of the *Mairie* at *Antibes*) tells us.

Arazy tells us also that " a perfect marble tomb " was deliberately broken up, as well as a fine votive stone : *Aux Dieux Mânes d'Aurelia Lucilia Q. Matucius Albucianus, à son épouse qui a bien mérité de lui.*

And as history is nothing but perpetual repetition, it was ordained that two centuries later, *the convenience of using the material on the spot* led to renewed sacrilege and caused many inscriptions which had been built into the the fortifications of Vauban, to disappear — of which one fragmentary inscription mentioned " the divine Antoninus " and the " divine Trajan ".

In the Laval district beside the ancient Aurelian way, there is a stone in two pieces, three quarters buried which bears this precious inscription : *Traveller ! Listen ! If it please you, enter. There is here a tablet of brass which will teach you everything.*

One would have hoped to find there the architrave of the Temple of a Sybil, or counsel to direct travellers on their way, but the most recent critical research supposes that the brass tablet held the rules of a certain company of bowlers or boon companions. Whatever it may have been, it was an epigraphic object of the greatest interest : after the demolition of the ramparts in 1898, the stone was buried under the rubbish used to raise the ground to a new level, and covered up by a mass of rubbish and gravel. It took the most importunate intervention to have it dug out.



Antibes. — The stone in two pieces.

One cannot think of Antibes without remembering those poets who loved it and particularly Paul Arène. If he had not achieved immortality Arène would still be entitled to the eternal gratitude of Antibes had he done nothing else but save from oblivion, in his *Canot des Six Capitaines* the lovely bay of the Ilette, now unfortunately filled up.

When Arène was there, Antibes was the rendez-vous of writers and artists. I myself once heard a famous artist say (which a touch of exaggeration it is true), " Between Avignon and Venice — there is Antibes ".

Antibes. — Inscription of the Septentrion child.

It was at Antibes that Corot, Meissonier, Harpignies painted their masterpieces. Ziem, Claude Monet, Cyrille Besset were enraptured by the wonderful beauty of the that district. And Guy de Maupassant wrote : " I was sitting near the village of Salis, looking at Antibes in the setting sun... I have never seen any thing so wonderful or so lovely... It was one of those impressions, so sweet, so rare, so delightful, that enter into and take possession of one, and are unforgettable as the memory of happiness... "

It is, in fact, from La Salis and the Pointe Bacon that the view of Antibes is even to-day like a vision of fairyland. It is true that since the demolition of the ramparts, we no longer have, as in the time of Maupassant and Arène — those high golden bastions which seen on the left against the blue of sea and sky evoked memories of a glorious past, those protecting walls half hidden by the magnificent trees of the slope. But on the right, the view retains its magic — : with its old wall rising out of the sea, the proud outline of its two towers, the wonderful mellow shades of its old houses, Antibes is still, as Léon Bordellet said, " une cité

Antibes. — Rocks of the Villa Eilen-Roc.

de' l'Hellade jetée en un beau geste de guerrière à l'encontre des flots ".

And thus, surviving the many blows which have been dealt it, the beauty of Antibes reigns supreme.

Now let us take the road to Calvaire and climb up to *Notre-Dame de la Garoupe*. We come out on to a terrace which is probably unique. Looking out towards an immense horizon, we see the whole of the Riviera before us. The mountains of Bordighera, of Monaco, and of Nice surround the far side of the *Baie des Anges*, which, for splendour, concedes nothing to the Bay of Naples. It has not, certainly, the smoke of the volcano in the distance, but it can boast firmer outlines and it has that wonderful crown of snow on its heights, which is wanting at Posilipo and Vesuvius. As at Naples, orchards and flowers grow right down to the very shore and the palaces of Nice, like those of Naples, shine out in a long white line beside the waves of the same Latin Sea. Further off we see Cagnes, Biot, Cheiron, the cliffs of the Baus and the beginning of those low-lying hills which approach us with

Antibes.

Biot. — Retable. Misericordia. XVIth. century.

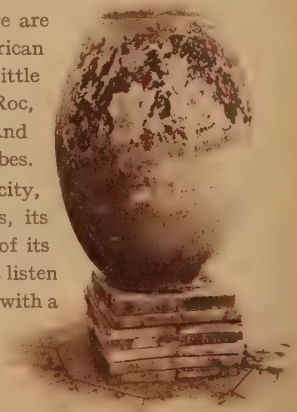
Saint-Jeannet, La Gaude, Vence, St. Paul and Grasse on their slopes.

Turning round we see the magnificent panorama of the Golfe Juan and the Gulf of La Napoule with the Maure of Vallauris, Cannes, the islands of Lérins, the Estérel and far away, the great mass of the Maures mountains. There is no grander, more exalting view in the whole world. Who can help raving of the beauty of Antibes?

But let us look closer, let us see the detail of this beauty. We will go into Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Port, where among simple and touching votive offerings there is a beautiful altar-piece dating from 1513. Every year the sailors of Antibes, clad in white shirts, and with bare feet, carry this image of the Virgin (dark in colour like the Catalan *Moreneta*), down processionally to Antibes, praying her to protect them from the Saracens and the Turks.

Following the outline of this promontory which that Poet Bonaparte-Wyse called *incomparable*, we are struck by the olive and orange groves, the African vegetation of the Villa Thuret, the handsome little houses of Sarramartel, the terraces of Eilen-Roc, the famous pine forest of Juan-les-Pins. And spread lavishly over it all — the beauty of Antibes.

We must now go down towards the Phocian city, and there, imbued with the quiet of its streets, its picturesque sea-shore, struck by the charm of its women and the kindly greeting of its men, let us listen to the very heart of this Antibian land, lovely with a



A water jar from Biot.

beauty no vandalism can destroy.

If we only had time, how delightful it would be to wander about the harbour, the Fort Carré, the rose-gardens, to watch the fishing and above all the fishermen !

Without leaving the bay of St. Roch, we can learn how to fish with the *fasquié* or torch, how to throw the *fichouiro* or trident. And how delightful it is to go out to sea at night, under the stars with a Skipper Ardouin or Garbe or Guisolphe or Salamite — to set the nets for *palangres* and *gourbins*. The next day, under the pines of La Garoupe, how delightful to enjoy the *bouillabaisse* of their catch. And this is the real article, made in the open air over a fire of pine logs or fir cones.

Biot. — The Passion.
XVIIth. century.

At this moment, a craft rounding Pointe Bacon turns in towards the harbour, its main-sail and jib swelling in the fresh breeze, and, dancing in its silver-fringed wake, its dingy or caïque.

One could easily spend weeks wandering about the old town, in the Tourraque, along the old ramparts on the sea-shore; one could visit the Castle of the Grimaldi which has now become *(quantum mutatus !)* a military magazine, its two towers these also built of Roman material; the parish Church, which is traditionally said to be built on the ruins of the Temple of Diana and has a fine XVIth century altarpiece, *La Vierge du Rosaire*. One should also see the chapel belonging to the Hospital with its *Christ au suaire*, painted in the XVth century by Aondi of St. Paul-du-Var.

But time is pressing and we must reluctantly leave Antibes, whose beauty charms us " like the remembrance of happiness... "

St. Paul-du-Var.

We will now go to Biot, making a détour on the way to Grasse. Leaving the ruins of the Roman Aqueduct at Clausonne which stands among wooded thickets, fragrant with myrtle, rosemary, and resin, we follow the ravine of the Valmasque or *Enchanted Valley*, on foot, that gorge which is so picturesque and so little known. Still, it is a delightfulwalk, especially if one has had the forethought to send on a car to await us at Biot where we soon arrive.

This pretty village rises before us on its little hill and overlooks the green valley of the Brague; we welcome the coolness of its arcaded Square and find in its church a fine altan piece in ten divisions, *La Vierge de Miséricorde*, as well as a most impressive *Christ de Passion*.

The Templars had an important foundation at Biot. No one lives there now, except the land-workers and the potters, who make their jars in the same pattern and of the same dimensions as the Romans did.

Plague, and the savage warfare of the XIVth century between the partisans of Duras and those of Anjou made a desert of Biot, Escragnolles and several other villages. By means of various *Acts of Habitation*, King René settled families from the Riviera and from Genoa there,

in 1470. They restored the country, and continued, amongst themselves, to use their Genoese dialect, which is called round about there the *figon* patois. So that the population of these villages has the privilege of speaking in three languages, French, Provençal and *figon*.

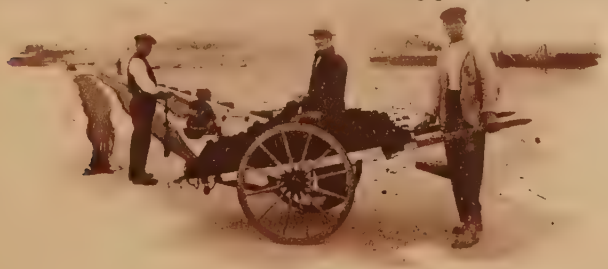
It was probably somewhere between Biot and Cagnes, on the low-lying hills which slope down to the sea, that the bloody battle reported by Tacitus, took place about 69 A. D., for the supremacy of the Empire, between the troops of Otho and those of Vitellius.

Crossing the Loup we pass the beach of St. Véran on the right. It is named after the Saint who founded an Abbey there in the VIth century, *Notre-Dame de la Dorade*, destroyed by the Barbarians but rebuilt in the XIth century by Arnoux, Bishop of Vence.

And now we come to the paradoxical little town of Cagnes which spreads itself like an amphitheatre on the slopes of the hill, from its summit to its base, between the smiling valleys of the Cagne and the Malvan.

Streets of indescribable steepness, charming and deserted squares, chapels on the terraces, a collection of roofs and walls mellowed by the hand of time and offering the most picturesque contrast to the modern buildings, sometimes in loud accents — such is Cagnes. It is also — and especially since the destruction of the ramparts of Antibes — the happy hunting-ground of artists. Claude Monet, Ziem and Harpignies have painted here, Rodin admired it and here Renoir lived and died.

The Chateau of Cagnes which belonged to the Grimaldi, dates from the beginning of the XIVth century. It was restored and altered under Louis XIV; big windows were constructed and great salons were made, of which one, *La Belle Cheminée* has a ceiling painted by Carlone. That



Fishermen of Antibes.

beautiful work, *La Chute de Phæton*, is one of the art-treasures of this coast.

Half a league from Cagnes, a short distance inland, we come to Villeneuve-Loubet lying, among woods and meadows on the banks of the Loup. Above the village stands the old Castle which belonged to that famous Seneschal of Provence, Romée de Villeneuve (first half of the XIIth century).

Restored and redecorated by the Marquises of Panisse to whom it passed in 1743, this Castle is one of the finest buildings of eastern Provence. In the courtyard is a marble tablet with an inscription, erected by Raymond-Berenger IV Count of Provence, to his faithful minister. Even in his lifetime, legend overwhelmed the true history of this good man. His name was Roumiéu, which, in Provençal means a pilgrim. That was enough to give rise to the legend of the poor pilgrim from Compostella, who re-established the finances of the Count, married his four daughters to four kings, and then one day, requited by ingratitude, took up his staff and his threadbare pilgrims cloak, and set out again on his wanderings.

In reality, Romée, who was born in 1170, was the son of a powerful Baron of Arcs and Trans. He was never slighted by the Count of Provence, but became in fact on the death of the latter, the Regent of his estates. He died an octogenarian at Nice, being Governor of that town.

Grasse.

CHAPTER VI

At the foot of the Baus. — Grasse. — Vence. Le Bau-de-St-Jeannet. — La Gaude. St-Laurent-du-Var.

We noticed from the Estérel a long range of limestone mountains which extended from Draguignan to Grasse. From Grasse they continue towards the north-east, running parallel with the general lie of the coast. But as they approach the Var, they become, as we see, more and more precipitous in character, they are crowned by rocky peaks, and are called in Provençal, the *Baus*. Towns and villages lie at their feet and on their slopes such as Grasse, Magagnosc, Le Bar, Tourettes, Vence and St. Jeannet.

Between these mountains and the shore there lies a whole country of little hills furrowed with little rivers and peopled with prosperous villages

The Château of Villeneuve-Loubet.

which adorn, with their charming old roofs, the great orchards of olive and evergreen oak in which they now hide their peaceful happiness. They were not always so tranquil!

Take Mouans-Sartoux, for instance, with its famous Castle where the beautiful Suzanne of Villeneuve offered obstinate resistance to the Duke of Savoy in 1592, during the war of the League. Forced at last to capitulate, she saw her Castle destroyed and her village sacked in spite of the Convention signed by the Duke, who was retreating in high dudgeon to his own estates. But Suzanne was not finished with him. She hurried after him, overtook him at Cagnes and seizing his bridle, reproached him hotly before his whole army, for his behaviour. So hotly indeed that the Duke there and then had an indemnity of 4000 écus counted out to her.

We must make a short stay at Valbonne which has a fine Square surrounded by arcades, and a Roman Altar in its Church, then on through

Opio, Châteauneuf and Rouret to La Colle, and St. Paul-de-Vence or du-Var. This is a pretty little old fort, still surrounded by its picturesque ramparts. Its XVIth century houses and its church, whose art treasures are the delight of artists, have attracted many painters who come and settle here (as at Cagnes), to such an extent that they are gradually even forming a *School*. Before crossing the Var, let us return to the Baus mountains and follow them from Grasse.

St. Paul-du-Var. — A Fountain.

Grasse is one of the most individual towns of Eastern Provence. After the Roman epoch, it enjoyed Home Rule, as the other Provençal Republics did, till the time of the Counts of Raymond-Berenger, who imposed feudal homage on it. Grasse treated on equal footing with the powerful towns of Avignon, Arles, Nice, Genoa, Pisa and so on.

Grasse still has fine remains of its XIVth century ramparts. In 1524, Bourbon seized it. In 1536 at the approach of Charles V, it was burned by the Count of Tenda, Governor of Provence, in order to lay a waste in front of the enemy. In 1707, while retreating, and hot with the shame the heroic town of Toulon had inflicted on them, its enemies determined to destroy Grasse of which they had gained possession of one gate. The tocsin sounded, barricades sprang up at every street corner, men, women and children defended themselves so stoutly, that the Count of Sailly was able to arrive in time to their rescue. In 1746 the Imperial troops occupied Grasse and made the most revolting exactions.

Such in brief, is the history of the wars of this city, beloved of the gods, which spreads in terraces up the hill of Roquevignon. It commands a plain which is one vast garden of jasmine, violets, roses, tuberoses and jonquils.

At the time of the gathering of those flowers, it is a sight to see swarms of pretty young girls scattered like bees seeking honey, all about

Church at Grasse.

the fragrant " garden " of Grasse which extends as far as the eye can see towards Mouans-Sartoux and Cannes. This whole district is a garden of flowers, olives, figs and vines, not to speak of the African flora, palms, cactus, aloes, eucalyptus which find here the country of their choice: *Valley of love, Land of promise, Censer of sweetness !* as Mistral sings in *Calendal*.

Going into the town, let us follow these narrow and winding streets, where the buildings seem to stand one on the top of the other,

where the four stories of a house look out, paradoxically, each on a different level, let us admire the traces of a great past and notice too the curious windows of the old episcopal palace, the carving and balustrades of the house of the *Reine Jeanne*, the Renaissance windows, the old residence of the Marquis of Cabris, the brother-in-law of Mirabeau, and so on.

Then let us go into the Cathedral, whose facade still bears traces of

Grasse. St. Honorat, St. Clement, St. Lambert. XVIth. century.

the burning of 1795 when it was transformed into a forage store. This Church, with its old-world air, dates from the XIIth century, but has of course been more than once restored. Greatly impoverished by the fire of 1795, it still possesses many treasures : — an exquisite primitive which represents St. Honorat, St. Clement and St. Lambert : the famous *Washing of Feet* by Fragonard (1751) which testifies to the infinitely varied resources of that great painter and gallant lover. We must also see the *Mystic Marriage of St Catharine* attributed to Sebastian Bourdon, and a fine *Assumption* which is one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Subleyras. In the chapel of the new Hospital are the following pictures of Natoire, *Adoration*

Olive Groves at Grasse.

of the Magi, Education of Girls and *Training of Boys* and three pictures attributed to Rubens, the *Crowning with Thorns*, the *Crucifixion* and the *Erection of the Cross*.

But the most precious jewel of the artistic crown of Grasse was taken from it in 1898, when an Anglo-Saxon amateur acquired and took away the wonderful canvases which Fragonard painted for M^me^ du Barry's Castle of Louveciennes. They were a series of Five panels, the *Amours des Bergers* and were among the masterpieces of Fragonard.

We must not fail to visit the *Musée Fragonard*, established in 1919 for the purpose of seeking out and preserving the treasures of the district between Var and Argens, as well as any furniture, pottery, pewter, copper and so on, peculiar to the district.

This local Museum had no sooner been established than it was called with the *Musée Masséna* of Nice, to take an important place in the artistic archives of the country.

If Grasse is justly entitled to pride herself on account of Fragonard, she prides herself also as being the birth-place of that very great poet,

A Street in Grasse.

Belaud de la Belaudière. He is unfortunately unknown except by students, because he wrote in Provençal, and it appears that, while honoured abroad, this language which heralded the re-awakening of the poetry of the XIIth and XIIIth centuries, is banned in France.

The work of Belaud de la Belaudière, *Obros e Rimos Prouvençalos* — the first book printed at Marseilles (1585) — is of infinite value, not only as an example of the language at the end of the XVIth century, but on account of the sheer poetic beauty it

Peasants of Grasse.

St. Jeannet.

contains, its clear and fragrant language, its picturesque and original imagination.

The peculiar situation of Grasse, on a height, 20 kilometres from the sea, makes it delightful to stay at both in summer and winter to certain temperaments. It is developing more and more as a resort for visitors, large houses and mansions are appearing all over its hills and valleys, which are covered with pines and lemon trees. Charming cottages with verandahs are to be seen right away towards the horizon in every direction.

In passing along the foot of the Baus by the route followed by the road, the Sud France railway and the tramway, we pass between two almost continuous rows of houses and villas as far as the plateau of Pré du Lac. Surrounded at no great distance by the hamlets of La Lauve, the Roumégons, Magagnosc, Châteauneuf, Sant-Peire and Opio, this plateau lies at the intersection of many important roads, situated on a hill in which the little trickling tributaries of the Loup and the Siagne have their rise. It commands the roads to Grasse, to Antibes and Vallauris by Valbonne, to Nice by le Collet, le Colombier and Villeneuve-Loubet, to Vence by the Var, the Falls of the Loup and Tourettes, to Gourdon by

the plain of the Sarée. Gourdon, perched on the cliffs above the Gorges of the Loup has a picturesque XVIth century Castle and it is from here that one ascends to the plateau or Planestel de Caussols, a vast rocky plain.

Bar, on the way from Grasse to Vence, has in its church, the porch of which is decorated with good carvings, a fine altar-piece and a famous picture on wood of the XVIth century known as the *Danse Macabre du Bar*, even though all its figures are alive except the skeleton which, with its bow, shoots at the dancers. The painting and the rhymed Provençal text of this curious panel are highly interesting as to the art and language of that period. Beyond Bar we rise above the Loup, which bursts out of its limestone Gorge in waterfalls greatly admired by tourists. Crossing the Loup we arrive at Tourettes where the church has some fine wood carving, well worth seeing.

A little further on we come to Vence, that ancient and illustrious city which was the capital of Roman Gaul. Nothing in this whole district seems so picturesque as the old houses of Vence and the buttresses of its winding streets. The town suffered numerous sieges which tradition soon surrounded with a parasitical growth of legend. After the siege of 1592 for instance when Lesdiguières attempted to take Vence for the

Vence.

Duke of Savoy, it is said that the shots fired against the town rebounded from her walls and fell back upon her enemies.

The city became an Episcopal See which was famous in its day and had several famous bishops; among others, Godeau the Academician, and Surian, " the Massillion of Provence ". It was he who, after the invasion of 1746 replied to the emissary of General Brown, who commanded the enemy and who wished information as to the distance of the march to Lyons, " I know quite well how long it would take me to go to Lyons, but I cannot estimate how long it may take an army having to fight the troops of my Lord the King ".

Surrounded by the valleys of the Malvan and the Lubiane, this little ecclesiastical capital lies beautifully situated on the slopes of the Bau des Blancs. Its name is often mentioned by the Troubadours who sang of it lying among its blossoming orchards on the borders of Provence. Pierre Vidal of Toulouse wrote :

Om ne sap plus dous repaire	One knows no more beautiful journey
Com de Rozer tro qu'a Vensa.	Than from the Rhône to Vence.

Gourdon.

Bar. — The Dance of Death. XVth. century.

This whole district is full of traces of the past, granite pillars (the gift of Marseilles), Latin inscriptions, Roman gates, defensive towers. In the Cathedral, which goes back to the XIIth century, are wonderful wooden stalls which date from 1459 carved by Jacotin Bellot of Grasse; a precious reliquary given by Pope Paul III — Alessandro Farnese who was Bishop of Vence; the tomb of Lambert, Bishop and Saint; a Roman sarcophagus — and so on. The excavations at the caves of the Grabelles and in the Bau des Blancs have brought to light many interesting evidences of prehistoric times. On the heights of St. Martin are the ruins of a castle which belonged to the Templars.

And one must not fail to see the panel with little twisted pillars which represents the Virgin and Child, a XVth century painting attributed to Jacques de Carolis of Brignolles. This fine primitive belongs to the Chabert family.

Leaving Vence we come to St-Jeannet at the foot of the Baus which bears its name, and from the top of which one has a wide panoramic view in every direction. It was long believed that the view from this great rock inspired Poussin with the background for his famous picture *Polyphemus calling Galatea by the sound of his flute*. But it is now considered that there is not enough foundation for this belief.

A short distance away to the east of St-Jeannet we see the imposing

ruins of the Château de la Gaude, formerly belonging to the Templars. The village of La Gaude, which lies half a league to the south, used to form part of the commune of St. Jeannet. The praise of its famous wine was sung by Paul Arène.

Here we come to the banks of the Var, that Alpine torrent which Vauban treated as a lawless and undisciplined nuisance. In order to cross it we go down stream towards the coast by the Cagnes road and passing the little fishing village of Cros de Cagnes on our right, we soon come to St. Laurent-du-Var, that pretty village surrounded by orchards and gardens and its a historic ford and is famous for the splendid defence Suchet offered in 1800, along the banks of the torrent.

The crossing of the Var was formerly a terror to travellers — " According to the report of a man who is still living " wrote Smollett in 1763, " three bridges were thrown across the Var, and successively destroyed owing to the reciprocal jealousy between the kings of France and Sardinia. If there were only a bridge and a post road, I am quite sure the foreigners who cross the Alps would infinitely prefer this surer and more agreeable route. It would also be used by those who at present hire a felucca from Marseilles to Antibes and thus expose themselves to the dangers and inconveniences of an open boat. "

Grasse. — In the Country.

Nice. — View among the Pines.

CHAPTER VII

Nice. — General Physiognomy, History, Language and Traditions.

What first strikes the stranger who arrives at Nice is the sudden contrast between the New town and the Old.

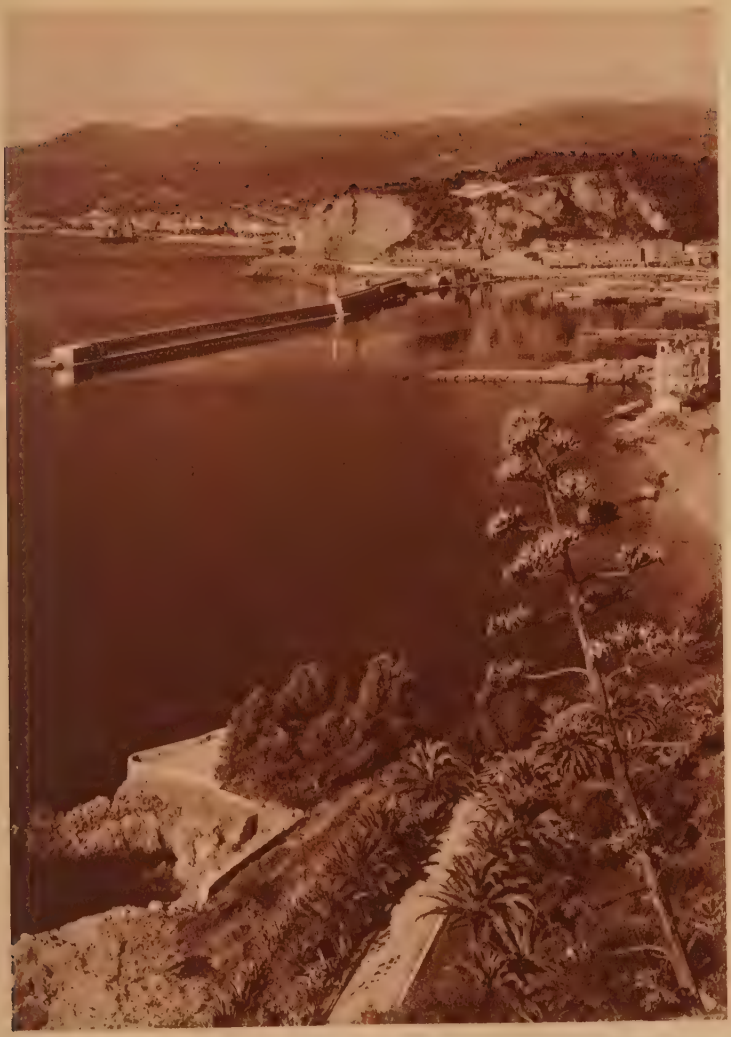
On the right bank of the Paillon — that alpine torrent which has given rise to so many harmless jokes — we see as far as the eye can reach, right away back to the distant hills, a modern capital spread out before us in all its complexity and perfection. Wide avenues under shady trees, new and busy streets, sumptuous shops, noisy trams and motors, enormous houses where Carara marble rubs shoulders with reinforced concrete, Hotels, Palaces, Promenades, Royal and Imperial villas, — everything here is eloquent of wealth, comfort, elegance, and pleasure. Modern art has its own Temples, Theatres and Casinos, where famous artists are always

to be heard. And the crowd which surges to and fro in the *Avenue de la Victoire* or on the famous *Promenade des Anglais* is composed of every nationality under the sun, every language is to be heard there. Are we in Cosmopolis? Are we in Babylon? At any rate, it is a beautiful sight, enlivening, intoxicating! As for the traveller, suddenly transported to this place where the sky is always blue, where a perfect day is shining over the wide sea, set down in the midst of a city of a Thousand and

Nice. — The Promenade des Anglais.

One Nights, is it to be wondered at that he think himself in fairyland?

But in spite of himself and however unlettered he may be, he may wish to take a step back into space and time, to realise this cosmopolitan town which seems suddenly to have sprung into being, without ancestors. Then from the top of the Castle Hill which rises out of the sea, he perceives, emerging from a background of luxuriant foliage, a city of marble — pillars, statues, tombs, standing out sharply against the blue sky. He feels as if the ancient citadel of Nice, deprived of her ramparts since 1706, still watches over this busy human hive which hums at his feet as far as the line of the Paillon. Beyond that a maze of



Nice. — View from the Petite Corniche.

narrow streets, of culs-de-sacs, buttresses, windings, old houses, ruined palaces, crowds of fishermen carrying the Latin *barette*, fisher-wives crying the *poutina*, sellers of food and of clothing, beautiful girls with sparkling eyes chanting one of the most striking dialects of the Mediterranean pouring art, in langhter and song, from their lips.

That is the Old Town, that was the beginning. There the picturesque sobriety of Provence is already wed to the richly varied colouring of the Riviera of Genoa. We might be in Arles or Antibes; we might also be in San Remo or Savona.

And the traveller must understand that at Nice he is not in a sort of caravanserai of different peoples, more or less banal, but on the very sod of a fatherland, at the cradle of a race which is proud of its destiny, which preserves its language and its customs, which values as the chief of its possessions, the cult of its forefathers.

This antithesis between the Old and the New town we shall see again with the same surprise at Monaco and Mentone. That is why one cannot understand the district from Nice to Mentone — which is really the heart of the Riviera — nor fully taste its charms, without knowing in a general way something of the past from which it sprang.

There has been much discussion as to whether it was in the VIth or in the IVth century B. C. that the Phocaeans founded their colony at Nice. Whichever it may have been, there seems no justification for the statement, often made, that they called the town *Niké* in honour of some hypothetical victory they were supposed to have gained over their ancestors, the Vedantian Ligurians. Besides, if the foundation of a Greek colony was made by brute force — of which there is no proof — the victory of the Phocaean over the Ligurian was never able to drive the latter far from the coast, because the Romans, when they founded Cimiez,

Nice. — Bellanda Tower.

established the Ligurians on their land.

Cimiez *(Cemenelum)* bid fair to eclipse the old Greek settlement of Nice, which subsisted on its coasting trade and the fishing round its rocky sea shore. Cimiez became the capital of the Province of the Maritime Alps, the pleasure resort of the Roman nobles. It had 20.000 inhabitants, fine buildings, palaces, baths and an aqueduct. Of this splendour which existed for centuries, absolutely nothing remains, except a few unimportant ruins (traces of arenas, debris of the baths, the foundations of a Roman villa).

Nice in 1610.

It is known that the Roman Province was bounded to the east by the ridge of the Alps and by a line passing from Mont Agel and the Pointe de la Veille and embracing towards the sea, La Turbie and Monaco.

This boundary is the basis of the political history of the district of Nice. On this side, towards the east lay, for many centuries, the kingdom of Arles and the County of Provence; beyond lay the little state of the Count of Ventimiglia, which, placed between two neighbours more powerful than itself, Genoa and Provence, was obliged, in order to preserve its existence, to apply alternately to one or the other for help.

But it must be clearly understood that this old political boundary of the Romans, observed by the Counts of Provence and Ventimiglia, does not correspond with the ethnical or linguistic frontier. In particular, the domain of the Provençal language extends far beyond, covering, generally,speaking the Bevera and the Roya, part of the Alpine valleys of Piedmont as well as the Vaud valleys which are entirely Provençal and constitute, in the Kingdom of Italy, a sort of Provence *irredenta*, which no Provençal, however, would dream of claiming.

That is why Nice appears to us in the XIth century, as the one of

the Provençal Republics most proudly jealous of its liberties. And the essential fact in its history is that it has always remained so.

Along with Arles, Marseilles and Grasse, it refused, in the XIIth century feudal homage to the Counts of Raymond Berenger of Provence, who came to impose this burden but were obliged instead to recognize the rights and liberties of the town.

If, in 1388, Nice,accepted the help of the Count of Savoy, Amédée le Rouge, — whose intervention was provoked by the treason of the Seneschal of Provence, Jean de Grimaldi, — it is only fair to admit that this was not in order to separate itself from Provence, but on the contrary, to remain more intractably Provençal, in defending, with the help of Amédée of Savoy, a Prince belonging to the country, its freedom and liberty against the House of Anjou which, in the eyes of the Provençals, appeared as a foreign enemy and oppressor and had been obliged to defend itself strenuously against other Provençal towns.

Nice. — A Provençal Villa.

The peace was duly signed however, but only for three years, at the Abbaye de St. Pons on Sept 13, 1388. It has lasted for five centuries.

And the history of Nice continues, with that of Savoy and Provence, to circle gently round its communal institutions, up till the time of the struggle between the King and the Emperor, when Nice found itself on the highway of the invading armies and became itself a battlefield.

In 1538 the famous Congress began between Francis I and Charles V, that Congress which ended in the

Arena of Cimiez.

Truce of Nice. The King, from Villeneuve-Loubet with an escort of 8000 men, the Emperor from Villefranche with the squadron of Andrea Doria, went separately to visit Pope Paul III who was staying in a suburb of Nice, where thirty years later a cross was put up to commemorate the event.

In 1543, Francis I with the help of the Turks, laid siege to Nice. It was then that the spirited legend of Catharine Ségurane took shape, that woman of the people who by her courage decided the victory of August 15. A primitive statue of this heroine ornamented the Porte Pairolière for many years and was known to the natives as the *Dona Maufacha* (the badly-made lady).

It was from her legend it is said, that a popular tradition arose which Pastorelli was the first to record about sixty years after the event. Contemporary writers made no allusion to it and Jean Badat who was present, contents himself by saying, " The enemy attacked us and was severely repulsed by the citizens who had not one mercenary soldier among them ".

It appears throughout this Chronicle, that it was the citizens of Nice alone (and doubtless the women as well as the men) who took part

in the fight. And so it is quite natural that one of the women distinguished herself by her bravery and that the story of her heroism survived in a simple oral tradition.

Then we come to the invasion of 1707, and to the retreat of the Imperial troops. In his *Journal Intime*, a native of Nice gives this account of the retreat " on August 16 ", he writes, " coming from the Siege of Toulon, a troop of Germans carried off the fodder, pillaged the houses, stripped the vines ".

A troop of German cavalry wished to ride into the town : " The local Major of the Fusiliers of Nice told them that if they came in, he would order his men to fire on them, which he at once proceeded to do...

" They sacked Gattières, Lucéram, Falicon, Peille, La Brigue, and other villages. After they had left the district, the Consuls went to Antibes to tell the French they might come... "

On the night of their arrival (Sep. 4) all the windows were lit up On Sep. 22, the *Te Deum* was sung in St. Réparate and in the evening there were " fireworks and bonfires in the town ".

The French remained in Nice for six years at that time, till the Peace of Utrecht in 1713.

On Sep. 29, 1792, General Anselm, at the head of 6000 men, entered Nice, which had to give up General de Courten with all the Sardinian authorities and the numerous emigrant families who had taken refuge on the banks of the Paillon. Soon after that, on its insistant request, Nice was incorporated in the French Republic.

From 1793 to 1796 the County of Nice was the theatre of important military operations. In 1814 the County of Nice was once more put under the sceptre of the House of Savoy.

Then, in 1860 Nice and its County gave themselves of their own free will to France, by a vote which was

Old Costumes of Nice.

more eloquent than all the reasons, historical, ethnical, or linguistic, which linked this district with Provence. — Of 24,627 voters, 24,348 voted for annexation, 160 against and there were 29 spoiled papers.

Nice. — The Seashore.

But at the last moment, the high-lying valleys of the tributaries of the Tinée and the Vesubie, as well as the Canton of Tenda, which had voted unanimously for France saw themselves separated from their own natural fatherland the County of Nice, to be united to the new Kingdom of Italy.

And so, attacked first from one side and then from the other, the people of Nice have had throughout the ages, no refuge but the shelter of their own moral and material ramparts. They closed their gates to the armies which passed by and they defended their municipal liberties their language and their customs, in a word the soul of their people, with a tenacity at once proud and reasonable.

The language is one of the most characteristic and definite of the dialects of the Languedoc.

The customs, sayings, popular songs, national dishes and formerly the costumes of the County of Nice, are to be found in their primitive purity and also with variations, in other parts of Provence as well. The *Rondes de Mai*, the Christmas supper, the Yule Log, the *Noels* in dialect (1) the

(1) One the most popular of these Noels at Nice is by the famous Nicolas Saboly of Avignon who wrote many similar verses :

Avès tort, vous e vôsti fiha,
Avès tort de pica tant fort, etc.

Presèpi (Passion Mysteries) which are known as Pastorales at Marseilles — all these testify that the " winter capital of the world " has remained, throughout the centuries, one of the strongholds of the Provençal spirit in its most varied manifestations, in the broadest and loftiest conception of

Nice. — The Corner of a Garden.

that spirit and with the colour and flavour peculiar to the district of Nice.

To be honest, we must admit that there are many foreigners — also alas ! some French people who ought to know better ! — who think, superficially, that Nice speaks a sort of Italian dialect — a *baringouin* as Jean Lorrain politely called it — and that Nice is of Italian origin. So that we must not fail to insist that the dialect of Nice is a pure Languedoc dialect, that Italian was never spoken at Nice, but only French and *Niçois* that at the time when Nice was ruled by Sardinia, political Italy did not yet exist, and that when the present Kingdom of Italy was cons-

tituted, Nice unanimously and of her own free will, returned to the *Province Romain*, to Gaul, as represented by France.

Cavour, the great Italian politician, stated all this clearly in the Chamber of Deputies at Turin on May 26, 1860, on the reunion of Nice

Nice. — The Cathedral.

with France. Here are his convincing words — (In 1368) " Did the people of Nice show any intention of becoming Italian, or, at least, of being united under the sceptre of an Italian King? No, and we should remember that the House of Savoy had not yet become Italian; its power and its capital were in Savoy; the grant was made to Amédée VII, called *le Comte Rouge*, who held his Court at Chambéry and it is evident that it was the intention of the people of Nice, to reunite themselves under a Prince of Savoy, a Prince of French speech, who lived on the same side of the Alps as themselves.

" What is the strongest proof of the nationality of a people? It is

the language they speak. But the idiom spoken by the people of Nice has only a very distant analogy with Italian : it is the same idiom used at Marseilles, at Toulon, at Grasse; those who have travelled in Liguria know that the Italian language persists with modifications and dialects, as far as Ventimiglia, — beyond that, there is a complete change, a totally different language.

" I do not deny that at Nice, the well-to-do are in the habit of learning Italian, nor that they make use of that language, but in familiar talk, the people of Nice do not use Italian; they speak either Provençal or French."

And throughout the centuries, the people of Nice have made the Provençal language famous. Ramond Feraut the troubadour (born at Ilonse) wrote a *Life of St. Honorat* in the XIIIth century *(Vida de Sant Honorat)*. And Blacas, the famous troubadour, was probably the Seigneur of Eze.

There are also poems by the troubadours, Bertrand, de Puget-Theviers and Guillaume Boyer of Nice. Later, when the civilisation of the south was at a low ebb, the Provençal tongue was still used at Nice; one of the greatest treasures among the early books preserved in the

Nice. — The Monastery of Cimiez.

Nice. — The Monastery of St. Bartholomew.

Municipal Library of Nice, is the *Traité d'Arithmétique et de Géométrie* in Provençal, printed at Turin in 1492 by " the noble Francés Pellos, citizen of Nice, which is the capital of the new world in Provence, a County renowned throughout the Universe ". Less than a century later in 1562, J. B. Fulconis of Lieusola (Isola) had another arithmetical treatise printed in Provençal at Lyons, *La Cisterna Fulconia*. There are also, in the archives of Turin, a great number of Provençal manuscripts written by citizens of Nice; among others the *Chronique de Jean Badat*, middle of the XVIth century, which has been published in *Romania* by M. Cais of Pierlas.

Are there many towns as small as Nice which have produced so many remarkable men? In reply it is sufficient to mention the most famous among them Masséna, the Beloved of Victory; Garibaldi the champion of the people; Pacho the explorer, Bavastro the corsair; the painters, Vanloo, Fricera, Biscarra; the astronomer Cassini; the naturalists Risso and Barla; the poet Rancher, etc. And finally that admirable school of primitives — the three Bréa, the two Durandi, Brevesi Curraudi, Nadal Géraud, the Adrechs and others.

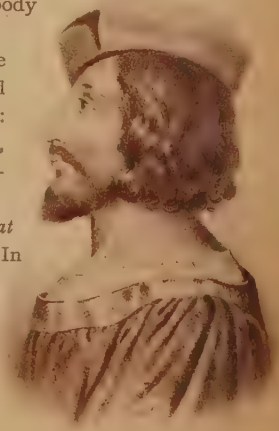
* * *

The developement of Nice has something epic about it. From 1814 one sees it as a little provincial town of about 25.000 inhabitants, incorporated in the kingdom of Sardinia, living peaceably at the foot of its ruined Castle. Till 1840 it was entirely enclosed by the Paillon and the old circle of its ramparts. Beyond that there was a sort of outlying village, a suburb of peasants houses, farms, meadows and vineyards. At that date there were only a few villas built along the road towards France, or round the village beyond the ramparts. There were hardly any roads; one travelled on donkeys by the delightful tracks which wound across the hills. The whole life of the place centred in the Cours Saleya and on the Terrasse. At night one groped one's way in the darkness by the light of torches. And at 9 o'clock in winter, 10 o'clock in summer, everybody was in bed.

Nice. — St. Augustin. Pietà attributed to Louis Bréa.

In 1821 after the terrible winter which killed the orange trees, the few English who lived there clubbed together to try and provide work for the natives : that was the origin of a narrow road by the seashore, a little road which was to become the famous *Promenade des Anglais*.

The mouth of the Paillon is a sort of marsh : *lou Prat de l'Afous*, i. e. the meadow of the mouth of the river. In 1849 the *Jardin Public* was begun; building about the same time commenced and while the one enterprise developped the old town towards the harbour and the



Louis Bréa.

road to Turin, the other aimed at building beyond the Paillon.

Then came the annexation of 1860 and at once an extraordinary growth in every direction so that in three years the number of foreigners staying in Nice was doubled. Roads and railways were built. The population began to increase at an astonishing rate. Before the war it grew steadily from 5000 to 6000 inhabitants every year. To-day it numbers nearly 200.000 souls.

Nice. — The Black Penitents. Our Lady of Pity by Bréa.

But if the wide avenues have made us forget the footpaths, if palaces have spread over the meadows and motor-cars have replaced the donkeys, — as recompense, Nice has become the most fascinating of modern towns, as Robert de Souza called it, *the winter capital of the world*. And if the orchards and the vineyards have been pushed further back by the building of houses and hotels, nothing can take from Nice the incomparable charm of her climate and her surroundings : " There is virtue in the sun ! " as Lamartine cried in welcoming the appearance of *Mireille*.

And is it after all not one of the most enchanting sights in the world, this girdle of hills arranged in an amphitheatre which gently enfolds the town, with its great olive, eucalyptus and orange trees, its groups of luxurious villas?

Let us climb up to the top of the modern Cimiez, where the villas of millionnaires stand beside the ruined glories of Rome. In the old Franciscan Monastery, there, we shall find, beside oak trees which must be hundreds of years old, the fragment of a beautiful cross dating from 1477. The Cloister is bathed in mellow light, the church has three famous altarpieces by the brothers Bréa. From the garden of this Monastery, in

Nice. — The Promenade des Anglais.

whichever direction one looks out, the eye meets nothing but woods, parks, olive and lemon groves, and country-houses.

At our feet lie the villages of Brancolar, St. Maurice, le Ray, le Parc Chambrun, St. Philippe and St. Barthélemy with its Capucin Church which has two altar-pieces attributed to Antoine Bréa. Further away are le Piol and les Baumettes, Just in front of us the hill slopes down towards Carabacel with its palaces and villas. A little further off we see the Chateau with its tower, from which on clear days one can make out Corsica to the south-east, and, to the north, the snowy Alps. To the left rise the magnificent heights of Mont Boron and the forests of Mont Alban, with its old deserted fort still standing on the summit, an exquisite reminder of the past.

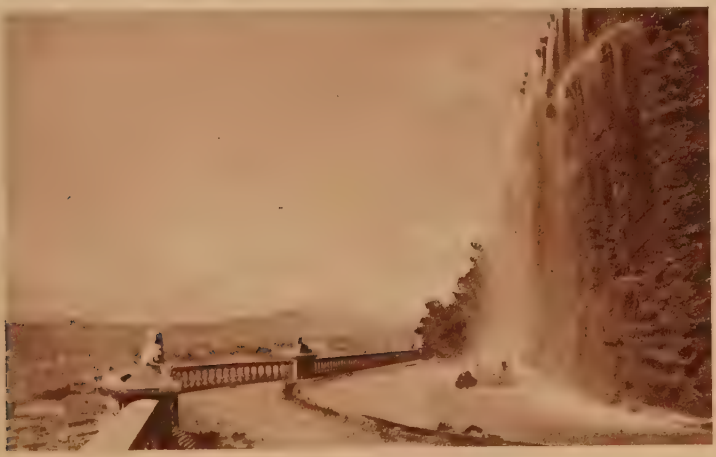
From Cimiez we will go down again towards the town. The *Avenue de la Victoire* is a handsome street, a Parisian boulevard in miniature. One sees smartly dressed ladies here whose *toilettes* harmonise well with the splendour of the buildings. We will follow them to the Flower Market in the Cours Saleya, a paradise of sweet scents as well as a lovely spot in itself, with its

warm mellow colouring seen against the depths of greenery on the slopes of the Chateau. We will follow these *Grandes Dames* to the Promenade des Anglais where the fashionable world congregates from 10 to 12.

Then we will continue our wanderings to Carras, La Californie, and to the Var where we will find the race-course. Looking up from there, a wonderful panorama enchants us.

To the west the hills and the promontory of Antibes, the Maure of Vallauris, and in the far distance the dim mysterious Estérel. Then, the hills of the Var with Cheiron on the horizon. Nearer at hand, the slopes of Bellet, famous for their wine, la Lanterne, Fabron, Gayraud, Cimiez, and Mont Boron, All these little hills are covered with flowers, olives, myrtle, vines, figs, oranges and pine-trees... It is a smiling Greece we see against the nearer Alps which are ranged in a circle round the town, — Mont Chauve, Macaron, Mont Gros and Mont Vinaigre.

Look now far away to the north-east — the whole Alpine system of the ancient County of Nice lies before us. Beginning at the coast we come first to Mont Agel (1140 metres), the Baudon (1263 m.), Mont Ours (1240 m.), and Méras (1265 m.) The outline on the horizon then makes a sudden leap upwards above the depression of the Col de



Nice. — A Waterfall at the Château.

Braus (1000 m.) at the point where the road crosses the Pass of the Col di Tenda. This outline rises to join one of the descending slopes of the Authion and is marked by the graceful Mangiabo (1826 m.) the Ventabren (1975 m.) and finally by the Authion (2100 m.) with its four peaks enclosing a tract of pastureland.

To the north, the snow line follows the summits of the Cime du Diable which marks the frontier (2687 m.), the Capelet (2895 m.) and

Nice. — Casino and Gardens.

joins at the Clapier (3046 m.) the crest which forms the watershed of the great Alps. These are entirely in Italian territory; from here we see the great mass of Gélas (3130 m.) with its fine glaciers.

And now we return to the town by the Avenue de Verdun and the Place Masséna, let us explore the left bank of the Paillon. This unfortunate torrent is being more and more covered up and hidden away, as if Nice was ashamed of it and its washerwomen. Its last bridge was demolished in 1922, that beautiful *Pont Vieux*, worthy of being set in a shrine as a jewel of the past, which indeed it was.

Passing through the Place Garibaldi, (where we see a statue to the heroic sons of Nice), and along the Rue Cassini, we come to the harbour,

Nice. — The Flower Market after Martin Sauvaigo.

Nice. — The Old Bridge.

known as the *Lympia*, which will be one of the most important ports of the Mediterranean, when Nice realises her project of linking it up with the splendid anchorage of the Bay of Villefranche. But before everything else, Nice must obtain that indispensable connection with France, which it sadly needs, by way of the Alps and Grenoble.

We will now go as far as *Rauba Capèu (hat-robber*, from the sudden gusts which prevail there) the Cape formed by the Castle Rock where it rises sheer out of the sea. We follow the foot of the hill by the Rue Ségurane, past the bastion of Cinq-Caire (too often written Sincaire) to the old Augustine Monastery which has become the *Caserne Filley*, or Filley Barracks. The Chapel there has frescoes by Bogliani and a *Pietà* attributed to Louis Bréa. From there we enter on the labyrinths of the old town. The old Palace of the Lascaris on which M. Doublet has written a valuable monograph *(Nice Historique)* stands in a street on our right.

Climbing under his direction up the great staircase lined with statues but in sad disrepair, we must see the painted ceilings on the first floor attributed, without proof, to Carlone. One of these paintings represents the *Downfall of Phaeton*, another *Venus and Anchisus* in a chariot drawn by doves and swans and guided by Mercury; a third shews Mercury in the act of carrying off a woman.

To look at these ceilings, these mirrors, and statues, all this varied debris of noble splendour, is to be oppressed with sadness not unmixed with shame. One cannot kelp wondering how such a Palace, so intimately connected with the history of the country, should have been allowed

to fall into such a state, in the heart of a town which after all does not possess many ancient palaces.

In the Cathedral of St. Réparate, built in the XVIth century, we are shown three gorgeous dalmatics worn at the Council of Trent and three beautiful reliquaries of the XVIIth century containing the relics of St. Bassus, St. Victor and St. Vincent.

One can wander for hours in the many coloured labyrinths of the narrow streets; one can go in this way from the Place Ste. Claire to the Terraces, or from the Gesu to the Place St. Dominique. One everywhere comes on picturesque corners, curious windows, wrought-iron balconies like these one sees at Montpellier, or Avignon or Aix, which is not perhaps quite a sufficient reason for calling them Florentine as is so often done nowadays. At the Poissonerie, we see the *graffiti* of 1584. In the church of St. Francis de Paul we find a picture by Carle Vanloo, a native of Nice the *Communion of St. Benedict* and in the chapel of the white Penitents a *God the Father* by the same. The chapel of the Visitation contains a picture by Biscarra another artist of Nice, *The Virgin visiting St. Anne.*

But the finest examples of sacred art are to be found in the Chapel of the Misericordia, sometimes called the chapel of the Black Penitents. Here is the *Virgin of Misericordia* by Jean Miraillet (or in Provençal, Miralhet) called Mirailleti who was one of the Masters of the Renaissance (1). There is, in the same chapel another *Virgin of Misericordia* attributed to

Fishing Boats at Nice.

(1) This famous altar-piece has been taken to the *Musée Masséna.*

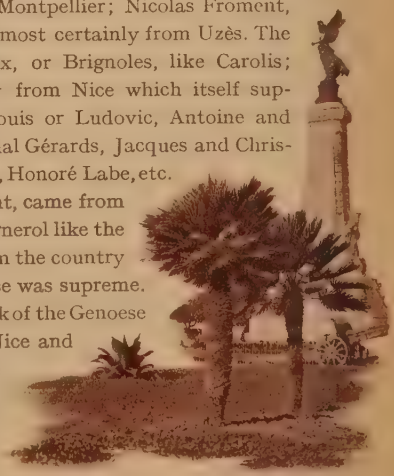
Nice. — A Corner of the Harbour.

Louis Bréa which was deplorrably touched up in 1874.

The reader must have noticed the large number of xvth and xvith century altarpieces which have been mentioned since the St. Marguerite of Jacques Durandi of Nice, in the Cathedral of Fréjus. But we will find them all over this district, in the Museums and in the churches of even the tiniest villages.

The reason is that we are here in the midst of a marvellous efflorescence of religious art, one of the chief and most individual glories of this land. There have not been wanting those who attributed this efflorescence in general to Italian influence, because of the near neighbourhood of Italy. But that opinion is too hastily given. One of the masters of this Renaissance, Jean Miraillet was probably a native of Montpellier; Nicolas Froment, often said to belong to Avignon, came almost certainly from Uzès. The others are nearly all from Avignon, Aix, or Brignoles, like Carolis; like Aondi from St. Paul; and finally from Nice which itself supplied a whole Pleïade the three Bréa (Louis or Ludovic, Antoine and François) the Brevesi Curraudis, the Nadal Gérards, Jacques and Christophe Durandi, the Adrechs, the Antonios, Honoré Labe, etc. Others, and these not the least important, came from Monaco, like Manchelo Antoine; from Pignerol like the extraordinary Canavesi, that is to say from the country where the Provençal and *Niçois* influence was supreme.

Such being the case, why do people speak of the Genoese School, in regard to the primitives of Nice and Provence? Where does one find Genoese among them? Perhaps, it will be declared, these painters went to study in Italy?



The Centenary Monument.

That is not proved as regards most of them; what *is* certain, on the contrary, is that many Italians came to study in Provence, such as Régis, of Bonesio in Lombardy of whose arrival in Avignon we hear, to "serve his apprenticeship under Jean Changenet" (1).

Nice does not, unfortunately yet possess those Schools of intellectual and artistic culture which properly belong to a town of 200.000 inhabitants, where visitors, from all countries spend many months every year. There is a *Lycée secondaire*, or secondary school, a Conservatoire

Nice. — Spring in the Woods.

of Music, a School of Fine Art. And that is about all, no provision whatever for higher education!

The *Bibliothèque Municipale* has some Manuscripts, some early printed books, and some collections of great value, but this rich mass of material is lacking in that arrangement and classification which alone could make it a useful place for students. The *Departmental and Municipal Archives* which contain many treassures, are unfortunately hidden away in small, obscure buildings.

(1) Chanoine Requin, *Nice historique* March, 1912.

As for Museums, the town is not rich in them. But its *Musée des Beaux-Arts* will repay a careful visit. One finds there an important collection of primitives by native painters, among others the twelve fine altarpieces from the Church of Lucéram; they were sold by the church authorities to an engraver from Nice but were fortunately bought back again for the town.

Nice. — Retable. Misericordia
by Jean Mirailleti. XVth century.

This Museum has also fine examples of Tintoretto, Annibale Carraci, Guido Reni, Rubens, Ribera, Salvator Rosa, Carlo Dolci, Tiepolo, Claude Lorrain, Carle Vanloo of Nice, Joseph Vernet, Teniers the Elder and Goya.

Among the modern treasures are five magnificent Gobelins tapestries ceramics, furniture, paintings, water-colours and engravings by Flandrin, Courbet, Desboutins, Th. Rousseau, Félix Ziem, J.-F. Carlone and by the following natives of Nice, Fricero, Barberi, Trachel, Cyrille Besset and others.

A regional *Musée d'Arts* was established in 1921 in the Villa Masséna, bought for that purpose by the town. This handsome and beautiful building, whose gardens adjoin the Promenade des Anglais will most

certainly become the Palace of the Fine Arts at Nice. It already possesses many treasures, among them a collection of local primitives of the XVth and XVIth centuries, reproductions by Alexis Mossa and his son Gustave Adolphe, and native frescoes, signed by Canavesi, Baleisoni, de Cela, Nadal, Brevesi, etc.

This part of the world was always for writers as for artists, the land of their dreams but the spirit of Provence, while it inspired them, at the same

Falicon.

time cast them down, by the almost inviolable secrecy of its charm. We have no space to enumerate all the poets, dramatists and writers of romance, who have chosen to live on the Riviera. It must suffice to mention Paul Arène and Guy de Maupassant among those who have left us and among the living, to salute Anatole France, at Cap d'Antibes, Maurice Maeterlinck in his villa *des Abeilles* at Baumettes. Of the artists, Claude Monet lives at Cagnes (where Renoir died) Jules Chéret at Nice, Simon Bussy at Cap d'Ail, Paul Signac and Bonnard at Cap d'Antibes.

Poussin once passed through " Nice in Provence " as he called it and worked there. Berghem painted the Paillon with galleys rowing

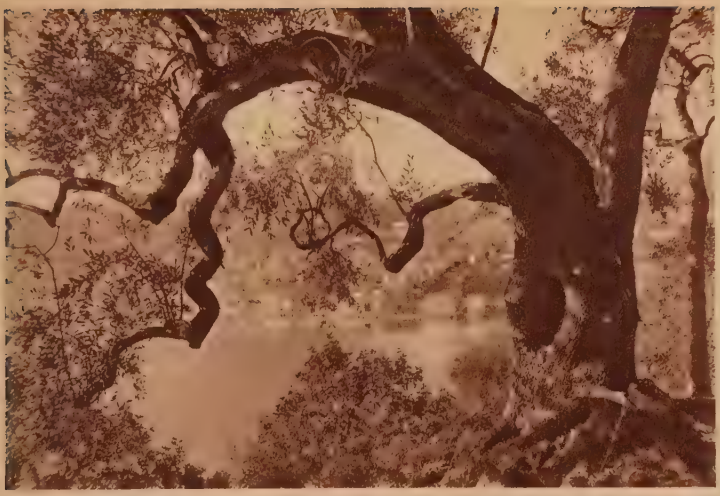
on it ! Salvator Rosa's brush immortalised the *Port Lympia*. Commanded by the King to make a rough sketch of the bay of Antibes, Jules Vernet used the opportunity to give us one of his finest sea pictures.

Corot, F. Ziem, Monticelli, Harpignies, Meissonier painted masterpieces here in their day. But the list of famous artists who have chosen to immortalise the Riviera, is interminable.

The winter Fêtes of Nice are famous all over the world. Visitors from every quarter of the globe come to take part in the Carnival. This sequence of festivities, in which the sumptuous and the brillant are combined with the ridiculous and the grotesque, the *veglioni* at the Opera, the *redoutes* at the Casino, — the mad hubbub of bantering good-humour, the bright eyes gleaming from black masks between the dances, the laughter that rings out among the showers of confetti — all this has a peculiar charm that is absoluteby indescribable. But it is well worth seeing and taking part in.

Regularly organised since 1871, the Carnival of Nice has become a national institution at which the people sing the old *Rondes* of the country :

D'ount v'en anas fiheta?...
Lou roussignou, que vola



Villefranche.

CHAPTER VIII

The Corniche Road. — La Turbie Trophée or Iropaea Augusti. — Villefranche. — Beaulieu and Cap d'Ail. Monaco and Monte-Carlo. — Roquebrune.

Till the time of the First Empire, it was not easy to go from France to Genoa by the coast. The traveller who was not dismayed by the thought of sea-sickness, generally hired a felucca at Marseilles or at Antibes, for what is now known as the Route de la Corniche or Grande Corniche was then nothing but a rough track, all that remained of the old Aurelian Way between Nice and San Remo. One could only ride that way, and even then with difficulty. That was how Madame de Genlis travelled in 1780 and she has left us this account of the experience :

" In many parts", she writes, " the Corniche is so narrow that it is difficult for any one to pass... at all the really dangerous places, we

dismounted and made the passer-by hold our hands ". What would this old lady say to-day — she was Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Orleans — could she only see the profusion of roads, furrowed by a constant succession of motors, in this Corniche region, not to mention the railway which runs by the sea-shore.

The first in date of these roads, now called the Grande Corniche, was made by Napoleon between 1805 and 1812. It emerges from Nice by the

La Turbie. — The Tower of Augustus.

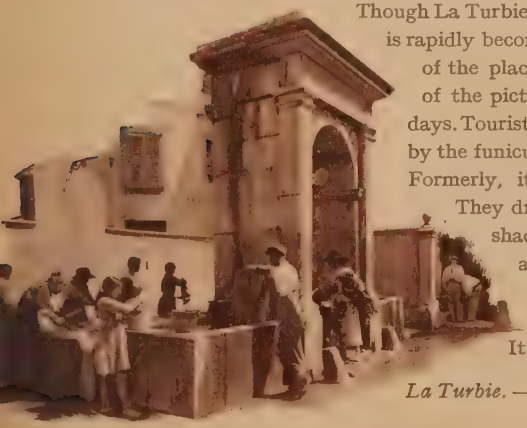
Riquier suburb, rises rapidly sweeping round Mont Gros, passes near the Observatory of Nice and reaches the Col des Quatre Chemins where there is a magnificent view of the sea on one side and of the Alps on the other.

It was at La Turbie, on the borders of Cisalpine Gaul and at the highest point of the Julian Way which went from the Villa Matuciana (San Remo) to Cimiez that the Senate erected, in the year 7, B. C., a colossal monument to commemorate a Roman victory over forty-five peoples of the Alps, enumerated in an inscription of which Pliny has preserved the text for us. The fragments of the inscription itself lie scattered about among the debris and much of it is probably destroyed.

La Turbie. — A covered street.

This *Trophée de la Turbie* was undoubtedly one of the finest things the Romans ever constructed. It has come down to us in a state of ruin: the iconoclasts have been busy with it throughout the centuries. Its stones and marbles have been stolen to build houses and churches. In the Middle Ages it was used as a dungeon. Then in 1705, Maréchal de la Feuillade blew it up. So that nothing now remains on the plateau of La Turbie, but a shapeless mass — still however imposing — of rough masonry.

Since 1905, owing to the wise and vigorous efforts of the Mayor of La Turbie, M. Philippe Casimir, some excavations have been attempted among the debris accumulated during the centuries. The foundation of the monument has been exposed. In 1912, two of the twenty-four columns which used to surround the main part of the Trophée, which were found during the excavations, were put in position.



La Turbie. — A Fountain.

Though La Turbie of to-day is a little city which is rapidly becoming modernised, the very lie of the place prevents the disfigurement of the picturesque old streets of former days. Tourists flock to it now in motors and by the funicular railway from Monte Carlo. Formerly, it was poets who came there. They dreamt their dreams under the shadow of a giant laurel tree, now, alas ! no more, but to which Théodore de Banville dedicated a famous poem.

It is certainly true that this

Eze.

colossal Roman *Trophée* has seen the " triumph of Empires " and the blaze of revolutions, rise up and pass away.

Under its shade the *Prudhommes* of La Turbie, established in the XIth century a sort of independent municipal republic already confederated, it appears, with those of *Peillon* and *Peille*.

We must remember that in the XIVth century the Trophée served as a beacon : the inhabitants were entrusted with the care of a lighthouse which gleamed out to sea every night like those of Nice and Eze.

About the same time the Roman monument became the centre of many curious legends : Ramon Féraud, the Provençal troubadour, has preserved some of them for us in verse. It was believed that the spirit of a magician reigned in that *Giant's Tower* as it was called, and was useful in special cases. When a husband doubted the fidelity of his wife for instance, he took her to the Giant's Tower, and without being asked, the oracle informed him at once as to the extent of his matrimonial misfortune.

We must now leave Napoleon's great road, which follows the varied contours of this countryside and descends on Roquebrune and Mentone. We will go back to Nice and from there take the Moyenne or Middle

Eze.

Corniche, a wide road which has been laid about half way up the hills and which soon brings us to the Pied d'Eze, that virgilian olive-grove. The Aurelian Way passed here separating from the mass of La Corniche, a sugar-loaf hill on the top of which perches the paradoxical city of Eze, 400 metres above the sea, on its precipitous rock.

Whether seen from below, from the shore, or from above, from the Grande Corniche of Napoleon, Eze strikes one at first like a bit of the Middle Ages that has got left behind. One would think it deserted, in a state of ruin. But from this low level, where the modern town began to grow since the road was built, if one climbs on for a few minutes into the ancient city, one is enchanted to find it still very much alive.

Through imposing gates, streets with vaults and buttresses, we come to winding stairs which lead to the top of the high terrace where formerly the Castle of the Férauds and the Riquiers of Eze stood. Nothing now remains but a heap of stones for the Castle was sacked in 1543 by Barbarossa, the Corsair of the Sultan when he besieged Nice with King Francis I.

Is it possibly because of this Turkish connection that Eze owes its peculiarly " Saracen " reputation? That may be the explanation,

but even so, and allowing for the fact that for many years Eze was one of the strongholds of Saracen pirates, there is absolutely no foundation for the statement, so often made, that this little Provençal village — any more than Sainte-Agnes, Gorbio, Castillon or Biot — is a Saracen village and it is I suppose imprudent to add the further favourite statement

Anchorage at Villefranche.

that everything at Eze " houses, passages, vaults, pointed doors, and even the family names (!) recall the Saracens ".

It needs little reflection to see how absurd and odious this mania is for attributing to others that which their fore-fathers built up for themselves — to insist that the people of Eze are descended from the Saracens — just as others insist that they are descended from the Phoenicians the Greeks, the Romans or the Moors — and not from their true ancestors, the native race, those who cleared the ground, sowed, reaped, struggled and endured, and were finally received back again into this soil, those in fact, who finally triumphed and who handed down to them their language and their names.

There is an early painting in the church of Eze of Christ on the

Palms at Beaulieu.

Cross between the Virgin and St. John; also a fine picture by David, which the artist sent from Rome to the Prior of Eze, Dom Figuiera (a name by the way, decidedly *Saracen* in flavour!) in gratitude for friendly services rendered him by that dignitary. This valuable picture disappeared about 1880 and was only found after a long search, in a Museum in London. It had been bought for 500 francs at Eze; it was valued before the war, at more than 100.000 francs.

Mont Boron.

Instead of pushing on to Beausoleil and Monte-Carlo by the Middle Corniche, let us go back to Nice yet again, in order to see something of the *Route de Littoral* or coast road, which is now the great arterial route between Nice and Mentone.

After having rounded Mont

Beaulieu.

Boron, and admired the handsome villas on its slopes, the lovely bay of Villefranche opens out before us, we see from Cap Ferrat to Cap Martin and all the Italian coast to beyond Bordighera.

Villefranche, lying in the curve of its vast bay whose waters have a depth of at least 40 metres, is an old city founded in 1295 by a Count of Provence, Charles II, the Lame. Flights of steps, narrow little streets, of which one lies entirely under dark vaults, of this little town captivate us by their quaintness. The warm, mellow tiles of its old houses, the amusing motley of its roofs, its squares, its picturesque sea shore — everything here serves to transport us back into the past.

There is an interesting picture of the Virgin and Child belonging to the Fishermens Guild *(Prudhomie des Pécheurs)* of Villefranche.

Cap Ferrat stretches away out in front of Villefranche, that long promontory with its pines and myrtles and its fine villas. It was there, probably at the spot called *Passable*, that the Roman villa Olivula stood.

On the other side of Cap Ferrat, looking on to

Roman Gateway at Cap Ferrat.

The Principality of Monaco.

the Gulf of St. Hospice, we find St. Jean, a little fishing village and a little further on, the Cap de St. Hospice, where the fort was blown up by Berwick in 1706. The present tower of St. Hospice was built in 1746 by order of the Duke of Savoy to serve as a state prison. It now belongs to a private owner.

I know no more charming walk than that by the sea-shore from Saiut-Jean to Beaulieu by Rompe-Talon and Pèire-Fournigue. The narrow road follows all the windings of the shore and is shaded by the most beautiful trees in the world. The scenery varies almost with every step and the general effect of the panorama is one of absolute beauty, And out of this shimmering sea, where the three bays of Beaulieu, Eze and Rossetti lie before us, rise the precipitous cliffs of a whole mountain range which extends before us as far as the crest of the Corniche dominated by the summit of la Rèvere and the majestic peak of Mont Agel.

Monaco. — A sub-tropical Garden.

We come next to Beaulieu, that charming little port with its soaring terraces of fine country houses, almost smothered in climbing vetches. This coast, sheltered from the winds, and facing the sun, bears a wonderful tropical vegetation and richly deserves its name, *Petite Afrique.*

After leaving Beaulieu we pass underneath the high cliffs of Cap Roux in a tunnel and come out on the shores of the Bay of Eze, which lies at the foot of that old pseudo-Saracen city, surrounded

by the fine buildings of this new town called Eze-sur-Mer. Then we come to the Pointe de Cabuel and the bay of Rossetti. We go round the indentation of the ravine of the Saint Laurent and arrive at Cap d'Ail. After that we pass a long succession of villas, hotels, and shops which continue almost without interruption to the Italian frontier, through Monaco, Cabbé-Roquebrune, Cap Martin, Mentone and Garavan. On rounding Cap d'Ail we suddenly come in view of the Principality of Monaco.

Monaco. — A sub-tropical Garden.

This rocky peninsula on which the Genoese established themselves in 1191 and which François Grimaldi seized in 1297, is still crowned by its tiny old city-fortress. This cradle of one of the oldest families in Europe, was for long in a miserable state. And an old verse reminds us of the apparently deplorable condition to which it was reduced.

Sono Monaco sopra una scoglio,
Non semino e non raccoglio;
Ma per inganno o per imbroglio,
Pur mangiar voglio.

I am Monaco on my high rock,
I sow not, neither do I reap;
But whether by intrigue or imbroglio,
I must have food.

In 1765, Smollet reckoned the population of Monaco at 900 inhabitants. In 1848 it was over 1200. In 1900 it was more than 15.000. And it has grown considerably since then. *La Condamine* and the *Rocher des Spélugues*, now Monte Carlo, are now entirely built over and have made with the old city of Monaco, an enormous town which soon overflowed

Monaco.

the borders of the little Principality and continued to develop on French soil where it has formed the new commune of Beausoleil.

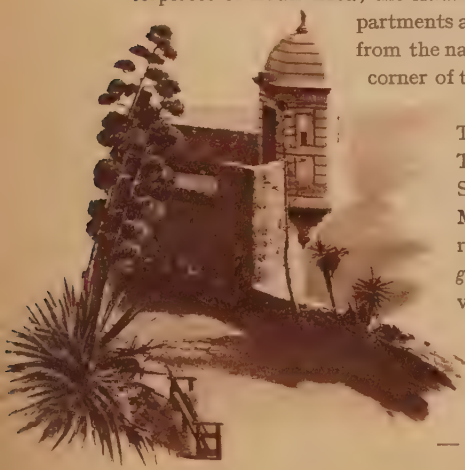
Monaco. — The Palace.

With its curious gates, its hanging gardens smothered in exuberant vegetation — against which the flowers of the pomegranate flame out like scarlet stars — with its old streets, its houses painted in warm colours, old Monaco has a peculiar charm of its own.

There are fine art collections in the *Palais du Prince*, frescoes of Cambiaso, paintings by Giorgione, J.-B. Vanloo, Sébastien Bourdon, Louis Tocqué, Philippe de Champaigne, Largillière, etc.

The Cathedral of Monaco is rich in primitives. It has two of the masterpieces of Louis Bréa; the *Altar-Piece of Saint-Nicolas* in eighteen compartments and the *Pietà of the Curé Teste*, so-called from the name of the donor, painted kneeling in a corner of the picture. Another *Pietà* attributed to the same artist shows Christ and the Twelve Apostles in its curious predella. Three other separate panels representing St. Roch, St. Laurence and St. James Major, have suffered from clumsy restoration. The same fate has befallen a *Virgin with Rosary* and a picture of Ste. Devote, the Patron Saint of the district.

This young Christian maiden suffered martyrdom at Marina in



Monaco. — Old Turret.

Monte Carlo from Roquebrune.

Corsica. And as she was dying of her sufferings, a dove flew out of her mouth to guide those who were taking her body away in a boat. They took it to the beach at Monaco, to the valley of Gaumattes, a little beyond Condamine, where the Chapel dedicated to the Saint now stands.

We must not leave Monaco without visiting the Palace of Oceanography instituted in 1899 by Prince Albert, which contains marvellous specimens of submarine fauna.

From the old rock of Monaco, we look down on Condamine, superbly spread out at our feet with the harbour called the Port d'Hercule *(Portus Herculis Monoeci)* where, doubtless the Phoenicians established themselves with Melkart, their god, who was the Heracles of the

The Casino of Monte Carlo.

Greeks and the Hercules of the Romans. An interesting Gallo-Roman cemetery was discovered at Condamine in 1879.

High up on the right we see the rich amphitheatre of Monte Carlo with its Palace, its Casino, its gardens and its terraces — the admiration of foreigners. And from these terraces, what a wonderful view out over

Monte Carlo.

the wideness of the sea, and up to the mountains, from Bordighera to Mont Alban with the Estérel as a background to the picture !

All the intoxicating delights of modern life are concentrated in this *Rocher des Spélugues*, formerly deserted but now transformed into the capital of luxury, of pleasure and of art. The Theatre at the Casino is of the first rank. Concerts, which have become famous all over the world, are given during the winter season and many new works have been first performed here by famous artists.

The Château of Roquebrune.

The rooms of the Casino are decorated with striking pictures by Ribera, Saintain, Clairin, Dix, Feyen-Perrin, Boulanger and Lenepveu.

It is a sight to see the crowd which throngs the atrium of the Theatre between the acts. Gaily dressed in every imaginable colour, drawn from every quarter of the globe, this crowd gives itself eagerly to lively talk in every language. All nations rub shoulders here, and here, it seems, they smile upon each other. It is not a hopeless Tower of Babel — rather a collection of different peoples gathered together where the Peace of Light and Joy reign supreme, a peace which can only come from brotherly love.

And now, let us leave Monte Carlo and passing through La Veille (often wrongly called La Vieille) and Bon Voyage we come to Cabbé and from there climb up to Roquebrune.

This ancient stronghold of the Counts of Ventimiglia has remained one of the most curious towns on the coast. It is a perfect labyrinth of steep streets, sometimes hewn out of the pudding-stone in vaults, sometimes winding between smiling houses, whose doors stand hospitably open, with here and there on the lintels, traces of carving.

It is through this maze of tangled streets, over this bright pavement of red bricks, that the famous cortège of the Passion passes every year, a ceremony which was instituted, it is said, in the XIVth century to fulfil a vow the inhabitants had made during the plague. It takes place on the first Sunday in August. The actors are all natives of Roquebrune, and the different rôles descend from father to son.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the procession moves out of the Church, while the bells of the town ring a *carillon*. First come young girls in white, singing Hymns, then Penitents in different colours, then the first Christ, in the scene in the Garden of Olives. An angel dressed in blue, with great spreading golden wings hands a Chalice to Jesus, who is robed in a blue mantle. The Christ waves away the bitter cup and falls to His knees. A figure dressed in white and holding a sack full of money, then comes up to Jesus and kisses Him. That is Judas.

Now the second Christ comes out. He is surrounded by soldiers and priests. One of the guards holds him bound; another strikes Him in the face.

Mentone.

CHAPTER IX

The Bay of Mentone.
Cap Martin; the Town and the Valleys.

Coming from La Turbie and Roquebrune, the Grande Corniche joins the coast road close to Cap Martin, not far from the place where the Julian and Aurelian Ways formerly crossed each other. The villa *Lumone* stood near there, as its ruins testify.

Cap Martin is the last spur of a buttress of Mont Agel which cuts off the bay of Mentone from the Corniche district. After rounding the Cap, a different aspect opens up before us, a long, gay town, which as far as the last houses of Garavan, as far even as the frontier, a distance of more than 6 kilometres, lies by the sea along that wonderful shore which the Romans called *Sinus Pacis* or the Bay of Peace. Such is Mentone.

And behind the town, there is not, as at Villefranche and at Monaco the sudden precipitous mountain-side. Instead of that, a charming coun-

Arrival at Cap Martin.

try lies before us, long low hills covered with lemons, vines and olives which lead from the mountains to the sea, separated one from the other by four valleys which run down to Mentone and make for it a pleasure ground of orchards and meadows beyond compare. Four mountain streams, the Gorbio, the Borrigo, (as big as the Pescara), the Carèi and the Fossands pour their singing waters down over the rocks of this veritable Canaan, a Land of Dreams.

A succession of heights, at once stern and radiant, form a girdle round the bay; to the west the mass of Mont Agel, the summit of Gorbio, le Baudon; to the north Mont Ours, the heights of Castillon and Raret; to the east the line of crests which form the frontier, marked by Mulacier, Grammond, the peak of Restaud and the Château du Loup.

Charming villages are perched here and there on the mountain side and from that fact were, and still are, charged with being *Saracen* villages. (There is of course absolutely no foundation for this charge!) The chief of these villages are Gorbio, Sainte-Agnes, Castillon and Castellar. Good roads run up the valley of the Gorbio and the Carèi. Another climbs up

the slopes of Castellar. Sainte-Agnes alone has no road and one rides up on a donkey, by an exquisite path.

The traveller must make the tour right round Cap Martin, through its dark shady woods and among the villas of crowned heads where Empresses loved to dwell. He must make this pilgrimage in order to enjoy in a leisurely fashion the wonderful panorama towards Nice on one

At Cap Martin.

side, towards Bordighera on the other. The arrival at Mentone through pine forests is real enchantment. We pass the ruins of the old chapel of St. Martin, round which in the XIth century the monks of Lérins established a Priory. The suburb of Carnoles now lies before us, where the rich of Monaco have their villas. And high above us, on the face of the hill which separates the Borrigo from the Carèi, we see the ruins of the convent of the *Annonciade,* where the Chateau de Puypin *(Podium Pinum)* used to stand, the origin of the *Seigneurie* of Mentone... The Vento received it from the Counts of Ventimiglia and that was the reason they began building, on the heights where the cemetery now is, the

The Sea near Mentone.

Castle of Mentone which withstood famous sieges in 1274 and 1316. The Seigneurie of Mentone was sold to Charles Grimaldi of Monaco in 1346, by Manuel, the last descendant of the Ventos.

On leaving Carnoles we follow the *Promenade du Midi* and pass along in front of an uninterrupted succession of handsome villas. But what strikes one most here is the abundance and the size of the orchards. Lemon groves, extolled by de Musset, encircle the town, press in upon it, and fill it with sweet scents. And in the background great olive trees, eucalyptus, pears carobs and centenarian oaks with all the various delicate shades of their foliage. The new town may be said to hide itself among its beautiful groves. It lies stretched along the sea-shore at the foot of the hills, as far as Pont-Saint-Louis, the Italian frontier. It is divided in the middle by Old Mentone, with its harbour, beloved of craft who come there to load lemons and mandarin oranges, its richly coloured houses, its narrow twisting streets, its many chapels, its long flights of steps climbing away up into the heights, towards the old Castle of which hardly any trace now remains and which, as at Nice, has become a place of the dead. But from

The old Cimetery in Mentone.

Gardens at Mentone.

there the whole country-side lies spread out at our feet from the sea to the mountains.

In the parish church we must not fail to see Antoine Manchello's fine altarpiece, *St. Michael* (1565). The Marquis de Monléon has a *St. Paul* part of another altarpiece by the same artist, much admired by connoisseurs.

There is an endless variety of possible excursions in the neighbourhood of Mentone. We will go first to the Baus Roux (pronounced locally Bausse Rousse) heights which lie on the frontier. It was there, in 1878 that M. Rivière discovered two skeletons of the paleolithic period which determined a human type since called the *Mentone Man*. One of these skeletons now in the *Jardin des Plantes* is particularly well preserved. Further excavations led to the discovery of other interesting things, particularly in 1901, when the Abbé of Villeneuve brought to light the skeleton of a giant man, analogous to the Cro-Magnon type.

After having explored all the valleys which lead down to the town,

Mentone. — A Path in the Hills.

I should advise the traveller to hire a donkey and go off on a two or three days expedition. One can go, for example, from Roquebrune to Gorbio by the path which winds up the slopes of Mont Agel through the woods. The village of Gorbio (Saracen, of course!) is one of the most charming examples of Ligurian-Provençal Middle-Ages : a venerable elm tree stands there which was planted in 1713. We must look at the ruins of the old Castle. And not far from the village we must also see the caves, the *Grotte* (*bauma* or *Balma* which has become *Barma* in this district) des Colombes, de la Loubière and the Trou du Fournigau (ant-eater). We return to the village for lunch when the sun marks midday on a rock which sparkles at that moment and is therefore called the *taca de Miejour* or *mark of midday*. Afterwards we climb up the stony track towards Sainte-Agnes which stands nearly 700 metres high, and return to Mentone by Cabrolles and the carriage road.

Next day I should advise a walk on the heights of Castellar, which to me are the most characteristic of the charms of this district.

To arrive with self-respect at Castellar and to

merit the favour of the Génie of the place, it is indispensable that one should follow the old mule track which leaves Mentone modestly behind the railway line and winds steeply up from there, clinging to the mountain-side among pines and gumtrees. Seen from this path, and more and more the higher one climbs, the country seems to open its heart to the stranger and take him confidingly to itself. Arrived on the crest, walk along to the village whence we look down on the depths of the Carei and the Fossauds. Sitting under these great olive trees, one feasts one's eyes on every side, one is intoxicated with the beauty of the blue sky and the all-pervading fragrance. It is difficult not to give way to ecstacy and especially if it is the month of May when the fig-buds are swelling; the delicious freshness of pastoral scents, fills the air and in the morning dew, gleaming up among the cistus and the sage, one spies the nuptial flower-stalk of the myrtle.

Old Church at Castellar.

Fountain at Gorbio.

I hope you may meet some pretty little maiden astride her little donkey. Call out to her in Provençal, " Arri ! Arri ! bourricot ! " She will burst out laughing, showing her white teeth. It is good to laugh, to be twenty years old, to have sparkling eyes ! The olive groves laugh with you, in astonishment and new songs will come to your lips in that scented place where rosemary and lavender abound.

From the Esplanade of Castellar one has a fine view of the coast. This old place was re-inhabited in 1383 by thirty-three outlaws of Ventimiglia to whom the Count of Provence, without putting them under any feudal obligations, conceded the absolute ownership and possession of the " houses, meadows, vines, vegetable gardens, cultivated and uncultivated land ".

The old Castle of Lascaris stands at the end of the chief street with its curiously forged iron balcony. The Castle has still, in spite of its ruinous state, a beautiful fresco attributed to J. B. Carlone, the *Fall of Manna in the desert.*

No one should leave Mentone without first crossing the Italian frontier which bounds the suburb of Garavan at Pont-Saint-Louis.

A Mill near Mentone.

Viaduct of the Gorges du Loup.

CHAPTER X

The district behind Nice

The great charm of the district of Nice is that the mountainous hinterland rises immediately from the sea and that one can pass in a few hours from fields of roses and poppies, from orange groves where flowers, green fruit and ripe fruit grow side by side on the same tree, to the pine and larch forests of Authion and Tournairet, to the eternal snows of Gelas.

But it would take months to see all this wonderful country that lies behind Nice, and the tourist who has only a short time at his disposal, might find the following suggested tours useful to give him some idea of the principal features of this district.

First Tour.

Grasse, Saint-Vallier, Thorenc, Gréolières, the Gorges of the Loup.

From Grasse one ascends the mountainside by a winding road, the country becoming barer and more arid as we leave the olive groves behind us.

At Saint-Vallier-de-Thiey we are already 724 metres above the sea. We follow the Castellane road, which Napoleon travelled, when he came back from Elba and set out, almost alone, to the reconquest of his Empire.

Thorenc.

To commemmorate this, a bust in memory of Napoleon has been erected in the Square of this little city of Saint-Vallier where he rested on March 2,1815.

We should visit the *Pont-Nadieu,* not far from here, a natural bridge of rock, about 40 metres long across a mountain torrent; also the cave near by called *la Baume des deux Gaules.* The heights all round this district are crowned with ruined fortifications of Ligurian times, called *Castelaras.*

On leaving Saint-Vallier we can continue our journey by the Castel-

lane road, pass through Escragnolles, a village where the natives speak *figon* as at Biot, and before coming to Séranon, take the road to Caille and come out, up a hilly path, into the Thorenc valley, facing la Ferrière.

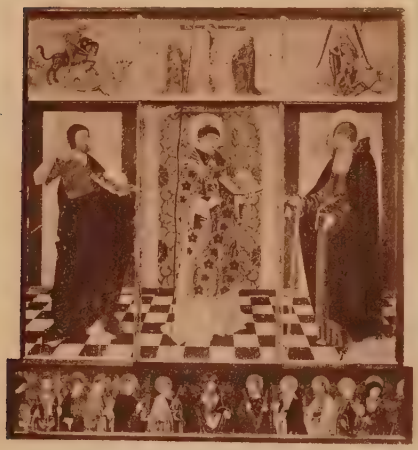
Thorenc is one of the most popular summer-resorts in this hinterland of Nice; its winter sports also attract many visitors. From Thorenc one can go to Saint-Auban and the upper Estéron by the Col de Bleine.

We can return towards Nice by the valley of the Loup and follow the coast road as far as the village of Gréolières, prettily laid out on its sunny slopes, and possessing in its parish Church a curious XVIth century panel of St. John the Baptist and in the chapel of St. Etienne, the beautiful altar-piece of that saint.

Gorges du Loup.

Facing Gréolières on the other side of the valley we see the village of Cipières with the mass of its old Castle still rearing itself proudly on the hillside, though it is now inhabited by peasants. Its rustic Church enshrines the relics of St. Mayeul who preached the crusade against the Saracens of Fraxinet and became the moving spirit of that successful war which William I, Count of Provence, waged against them. The Baron of Cipières was a powerful noble in former days. He played an important part as leader of a party in the Provençal wars of religion.

Continuing our route we soon emerge from long valley of the Loup which lies west and east. After passing the Courségoules road, on the left we are swallowed up, with the Loup, in the narrow opening it cuts nearly at right angles in the rocky mountainside. It rushes boiling into the famous Gorges which are the admiration of visitors. Here we see the



Gréolières. — Retable XVIth century.

Saut du Loup, that waterfall which foams thundering over the rocks. Here too is the Cascade of Courmes which falls into the Loup from a height of 40 metres, and fills the valley with fine, almost impalpable spray through which the sun, at certain hours, makes most wonderful rainbows.

SECOND TOUR.

Gattières,
The basin of the Estéron, Gilette.

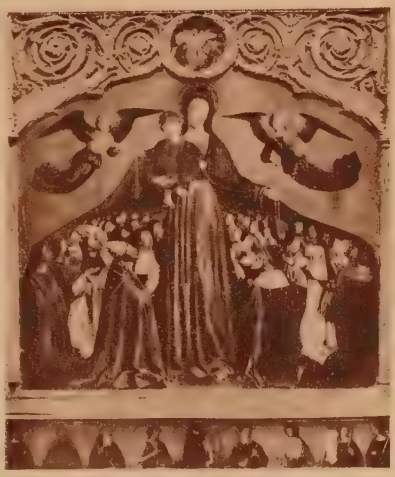
One should leave St. Laurent-du-Var at dawn, if one wants to climb the hills on the right bank of the river by the charming road which leads to Gattières. This little Provençal city experienced the strange fate of being ceded in 1388 to the Princes of Savoy, who kept it as a bridge-head on the river till the Treaty of Turin in 1760.

Beyond Gattières one follows the line of the hills which tower precipitously over a vast valley. The panorama is wonderful. There are numerous villages on the wooded slopes of the other bank of the river, Saint-Roman, Bellet, Colomars, Castagniers above which rises the imposing mass of the Monts Chauve group. Asprement also lies at their feet. Further away we see La Roquette above Saint-Martin-du-Var.

Soon we come to Carros, then to Broc, whence we look down on the steep gorge through which the Estéron falls into the Var.

We next come to Bouyon where we must see, in the Church, an interesting XVIth century altarpiece of the Virgin and Child. From here we must make a detour to Bezaudur, about 3 kilometres distant, where in the Church of Notre-Dame du Peuple we will see another fine altarpiece of the XVth century. Soon after leaving Bouyon we follow a valley separated from that of the Estéron by a hill on which the villages of Ferres and Conségudes are perched. At Bouisse we cut across this hill by

a deep gorge which descends towards the Estéron, a fresh oasis among magnificent chestnut trees where the sound of running water fills the air. But where are we now, after that pilgrimage through bare and arid country? The rocky peaks, rising up above us from the dark pine woods, recall certain parts of Vercors, while the fresh green turf, the ferns growing under the chestnut trees, remind us rather of the Vivarais or the Uriage district. We presently come to Roquestéron, which, standing all alone in this valley has its old walls washed by the torrent. This miniature Provençal republic was for long divided into two towns, Savoy lay on one side, France on the other, but both sides were Provence. After leaving Roquestéron the road rises above the left bank and before coming to Sigale we will stop a few moments at the old chapel of Notre-Dame d'Entrevignes to see its famous frescoes.



Briançonnet. — Retable XVIIth century.

Abandonned by the people of Sigale in 1887 after an earthquake which had shaken its walls, this modest sanctuary is now used as a barn! Rough drawings cover its walls to a height of about 6 feet from the floor. Nothing could be more pitiful than the striking contrast between the meanness down below and the splendour of the scenes painted on the ceiling. These beautiful paintings which date from 1536, remain after a lapse of four centuries, of a clear freshness of colour which is indescribably moving.

Sigale, perched up on its rock, is a town of old streets, with two pointed gateways, a fine Church founded by the Templars, a fountain which, since 1583 has lulled the inhabitants to sleep with the dreamy plashing of its waters. We have a very good lunch here, laced by

excellent white wine and then set out to the descent of the Pàli, by the giddy precipitous path through the Riolan valley. The valley of Miolans then fills us with admiration, with its green meadows and its woods and then on the heights to our left, among clumps of elm and lime trees, appear the villages of Sallagriffon and Mujols.

We will rest for a little at Collongues and go on to Briançonnet by a delightful road which lies through beech and hazel woods. From the Square of the Chapelle de Saint-Jeannet, a famous place of pilgrimage, one can go on the right, to Amirat, or on the left, down towards Gars on the Estéron. From Amirat an immense panorama of valleys and mountains lies before us. In its charming little Church which stands just outside the village, with a porch smothered in lavender and broom, Amirat has two interesting primitives, one of them *The Virgin suckling the Child* by J. Paul of Draguignan.

The descent on Gars is very striking with its hairpin bends and the mournful aspect of its chalky debris. It is a delightful surprise, when suddenly at a turn in the road, at the foot of the Estéron valley, one sees the village of Gars apparently glued on to the cliff. A waterfall

Gilette.

Gattières.

breaks out at the foot of the great rock, which is hollowed with caves where the bees have their hives. There is a tradition that some daredevil came one night to steal the honey from these caves, letting himself down by a rope fixed to the top of the cliff. It is probable that Mistral, who knew every inch of this district, took the idea for the episode of *Roucas dóu Cire* in *Calendal.*

Built on a pass, on a route the legions were obliged to use, Briançonnet was an important Roman base, to judge from the number of Latin inscriptions to be found there. The present Church was probably begun in the XIIth century, at the time when that powerful Prior sent by the Abbé of Lérins flourished there. The Church has a *Virgin Protectrice* which is one of the finest primitives of the neighbourhood.

From Briançonnet we descend towards the foot of the valley. Soon we cross the Estéron and follow its course into the famous ravine of Saint-Auban. From the road, perched perilously on the side of a precipice, one looks straight down to the abyss where the Estéron thunders far below.

We come out at the mouth of the ravine, on to the green plateau of Saint-Auban, where several little rivers meet ; one of them, the Estéron, comes from the fertile valley of Soleilhas. With its meadows, lakes and pine-woods, Saint-Auban is a charming little place in summer. It is built on a little hill about 1000 metres high and its old Church has a curious old silver reliquary and two early paintings.

Bonson. — Retable.
St. John the Baptist. XVth. century.

Leaving Saint-Auban to return to Nice, we pass into a land of forests, meadows and precipitous cliffs. We climb the Riou de la Faye, we go along the foot of the wild Bleine, its slopes covered with fir and larch. Then after passing the Col de la Faye, the country completely changes in appearance : the valleys cut their way out towards the Gironde, a tributary of the Estéron. The road, with steep hills and many and sudden turns, runs along the top of a great precipice. Soon we come to Mas, with an altar-piece of the Virgin and Child in its old church and in the chapel of St. Arnoux, a fine statue of that Saint (this statue is classified as a historical monument).

The tortuous road descends to the mouth of the Gorge of Riolan which it crosses on a bridge high above the abyss.

A little further on we come to Aiglun. It was here that Mistral put the Castle of Estérelle — more or less imaginary — here that Calendal came to defy his implacable enemy.

Facing us on the other side of the Estéron, the waterfall of Vegay pours its raging waters down from the high pasturelands in two falls of which one is 90 metres high. It is one of the sights of the country.

Beyond Aiglun we soon rejoin the high road of Roquestéron which

we follow through Gilette and Pont Charles-Albert, in order to return to Nice. There is soon to be a tramway line from Pont Charles-Albert to Gilette.

Not far from Roquestéron we leave the valley which leads on the left, to Cuébris a village below which the river flows in a narrow gorge, at some parts hardly one metre wide. We pass Pierrefeu, where the Templars had a foundation, Tourette du Château and Revest. Then we come to Toudon whose Church was built by the Templars. Finally we arrive at Gilette, that charming village set down between two rocks, which looks down on olive groves and vineyards and from which one has a wide view over the Var and the Estéron.

Villars. — Retable.
The Annunciation about 1500.

In 1793 this old Bourg was the scene of a heroic military feat. Surrounded by nearly three thousand Austro-Sardinian troops, four hundred French soldiers were obliged, after a stubborn fight, to abandon the village and fall back on the partly ruined Castle. Here they sustained the most furious assaults, without the enemy who " rivalled them in ardour ", being able to " shake either their hearts of iron or their courage ". (This testimony is taken from Pinelli, the historian of Piedmont).

Night fell. The Austrians raided the village and many of them got drunk. But then, after a long and painful march, with full equipment, first Marchand from Broc with two hundred men, then Dugommier from Utelle with six hundred men, came to the assistance of their comrades and put the Austro-Sardinians to flight.

Before again descending the Var valley, from Pont-Charles-Albert, we will make a detour to Bonson, which stands on a cliff above the confluence of the Vésubie. We will see a beautiful altar-piece of St. Be-

nedict in the Church there and in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, a painting of that Saint.

Third Tour

The Lower Var, the Upper Var, Daluis, Entraunes, Beuil, the Gorges of the Cians or Chams.

After passing the last houses of the suburb of Var on leaving Nice, as we ascend the valley, we come in sight of the high Alps to the north; at every turn of the wheel we seem to rush more rapidly towards them. We drive along through green pastures, and fertile land reclaimed from the torrent. We soon come to Saint-Martin-du-Var, the capital of the canton, which becomes more and more important as the industries of the high valleys are developped. We leave the lime and cement factories of Baus-Roux on our right and before long come to the hydro-electric factory of Plan-du-Var.

Touet du Beuil.

The valley closes in more and more. Passing the Vésubie on the right, at Chaudan we enter the gorge of the Mescla which is quite alpine in character, the narrow channel hollowed out in the limestone rock by the force of the water. Two hydro-electric factories have been set up on the Mescla (a tributary of the Tinée) to supply the demands of Nice. While on this subject I may mention that with the exception of certain local saw-mills and lighting works, the works of Plan-du-Var and that on the Mescla are the only factories which have been started in the Var valley, which could easily develop 300.000 horse power.

Once past the gorges of the Mescla the Var valley opens out westwards towards Entrevaux, round a big hill on the slopes of which are

several villages : Malaussène, Massoins, and Villars, one of the fortresses of the Counts of Beuil, where there is a fine Church, an altar-piece attributed to Louis Bréa and in the Chapel of the Penitents, the altarpiece of the Annunciation.

Built on an exposed rocky spur where the old houses, burnt and reburnt by the blazing sun, look as if they were standing one on the top of the other and glued to the hill-side, Touet-de-Beuil seems to perch up there in defiance of the laws of gravity.

Entrevaux.

A little further on the valley of the Cians or Chams, by which we shall return, opens out on our right. Here we come to Puget-Théniers native place of Papon, the Provençal historian, where we find a lovely altar-piece, *Notre-Dame-de-Secours* in the Penitents Chapel and in the Church two panels representing various saints.

Puget-Théniers a miniature *Sous-Préfecture*, is a centre for delightful excursions. One can go either by Roudoule towards La Croix, or by the road to La Penne through the Estéron valley.

Beyond Puget-Théniers, the valley is almost closed in by a barrier of rocks, pierced by the river but forming a sort of screen on each side of the stream. On the left side of this barrier lies the old town of Entrevaux,

not far from the site of the ancient Glandèves, the See of a famous Bishop. One enters Entrevaux by a sort of draw-bridge flanked by two towers. The old battlemented wall rises out of the bed of the river. The high citadel of the Castle is perched on a rocky height, inaccessible from every side and approached, on coming into Entrevaux by a curiously fortified winding road. From the top of the keep the view looking down into the abyss is very striking. The Cathedral of Entrevaux has an interesting Choir and a fine organ. The building is incorporated in the ramparts and forms part of the road round the place which here and there passes, in an amusing way, even through the inside of the houses.

History and legend vie with each other here in proud memories. Is Jeanne d'Entrevaux, that heroine of the bright eyes, who drove out the troops of Charles V, a legendary heroine? Is the local barber who about the same time cut the throat of the Imperial Governor — is he also a legendary figure? — The natives had crouched all night on the top of the precipice and lay hidden among briars and brooms: suddenly in the morning, the barber hoisted a bloody kerchief on the tower. At that signal the men of Entrevaux sprang up, took the Castle and massacred the garrison of Charles. But we must push on. A second chain of limestone rocks, parallel with the screen of Entrevaux, is broken through by the Var at Brec-St. Pierre which gives this part of the country a peculiar charm.

Gorges de Dalluys.

From the bridge of Gueydan, in ascending the Var, we soon enter the Gorge of Daluis, a deep ravine hollowed out of red schist, a rock which is rarely met with in Europe. There is a large belt of it here, running east and west, which, deeply hollowed out by

Guillaumes.

the Var and the Cians, terminates on the Tinée towards Marie and Clans. In the Gorge of Daluis, the road is cut in the side of the rock, in arches and tunnels. On moonlight nights these blood-red rocks give one a strange feeling of unreality and dread. The Var which thunders at the foot of the gorge, gleams metallically in contrast.

Shortly after leaving the gorge at the north end we come to Guillaumes. This picturesque Bourg took its name from Guillaume II, Count of Provence who built a castle here in the XIth century, of which the ruins are still striking.

Beyond Guillaumes we enter the valley of the Entraunes. First we come to Villeneuve-d'Entraunes, then St. Martin-d'Entraunes where in the Church built by the Templars we find a fine altarpiece by François Bréa, *La Vierge de Miséricorde*, dating from 1555.

Entraunes which is up the river from St. Martin, takes its name, tradition says, from the meeting of the Var and the Bourdons, *inter amnes*. Beyond that we ascend towards the Col de la Cayolle where the Var rises near the village of Esteng.

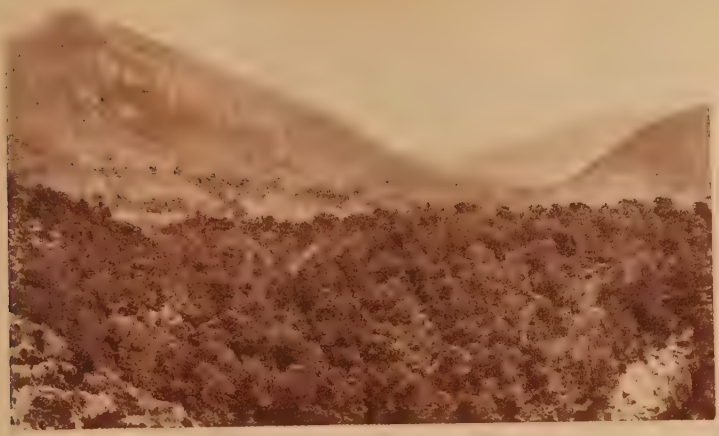
But we must go back to Guillaumes in order to return to Nice by the delightful round-about road past Péone.

Lake of Rabuons.

We have first to ascend the arid valley of the Tuébi, and after passing Péone, we wind up towards the magnificent forests of Quartier, alternating with wide pasture-lands. Pines, larch, carpets of ferns, and a profusion of alpine flowers, are all to be found on this great Alp. From the Quartier plateau, which forms a pass between two slopes, the views all round are magnificent. A chain of glaciers appears in the distance below the ring of wild mountains which surround the Cirque de Beuil : Montmoulinès, Brussières, Ubertura, Tête de Jarons, Tête du Pommier and Cime de Raton.

This Cirque de Beuil, which stands at least 1400 metres above sea-level, is, with its picturesque village, one of the most charming summer resorts of the district.

We are now in the birthplace of the famous Grimaldi of Beuil, the age-long Barons of these Alps. In their refuges of Villars, Beuil, Entrevaux and Tourettes, they diverted themselves by defying the powers of that time, pretending that they were under no jurisdiction but that of the Emperor, who was absent and far away. The last of these Counts, Annibal de Beuil, who was Governor of Nice, paid with his life for joining



Valdeblore.

in the " scrap " between the King of France and the Duke of Savoy. He took as his motto,

Io son conte di Boglio
Che faccio quel che voglio. (1)

Followed by the Duke of Savoy, he had taken refuge in his Castle at Tourettes-Revest, and had, according to Gioffredo the historian, declared that he would rather die by the hand of a Turk than obey the Duke of Savoy. His vow was grimly fulfilled, for when the Duke finally captured him in this Castle where his own men refused to defend him, a turkish slave strangled him with a silken cord and his body was hung from the high tower of the battlements.

In coming down from Beuil, one follows the course of the Cians or Chams and comes suddenly to a great cliff of that red schist we saw before in the Gorge of Daluis. But here it is by the bottom of the fissure that we pass, through a narrow track edged by a bluish torrent which splashes the foam of its waters on the blood-red rocks. One pictures the

(1) I am the count of Beuil
I do whatever I will.

Saint Martin de Vésubie.

jaws of Hell; one follows the winding labyrinth fearfully to a place where one is shut in on every side by towering walls of dark purple. High above, between the rocks, a speck of blue sky appears here and there, a ray of sunshine penetrates down into the abyss and gives a fairylike life to the astonishing vegetation which clings to these walls of schist and shows up in patches of bronze and sea-green.

And truly, when against the purple one emerges on to the plateau of Pradastié, at the confluence of the Pierlas valley, when one is at last freed from that phantasmagoria of vermilion, blood-red and scarlet, one almost heaves a sigh of deliverance.

We descend by a winding road on to that charming plateau of Pradastié and after having greeted the village of Rigaud high above us, we enter another gorge, of limestone this time (and on a small scale like the narrows of Vercors), which take us towards the Var near Touet-de-Beuil, where we join the road to Nice.

Fourth Tour.

The Tinée and the Vésubie.

We leave the Gorge of the Mescla at the *Cluse de la Bauma Negra* and come to the endless Tinée which runs northwards without a single village on its banks as far Saint-Saveur, the villages being all on the heights to right and left.

Crossing the Pont-de-la-Lune, we ascend first towards Tour by innumerable windings. We find there in the *Chapelle des Pénitents Blancs* fine frescoes dating from 1491 and representing twenty scenes from the Passion,

signed *Curraudi Brevesi et Guirardi Nadali, pictores de Nicia.*

There used to be a hospital here and one can still read the inscription on the old doorway, *Elas faut morir.*

From la Tour a road leads through the woods towards the magnificent beech and fir forests of Tournairet. On the opposite slope we see Tournefort with the summit of Pic Charvet towering above it.

Roquebillière.

We regain the Tinée only to leave it soon again and climb up to the green plateau where the pleasant village of Clans stands among its chestnut trees. This is the land of fresh springs. One of them is called La Fontaine du Verger, like that of the troubadour in Marcabrun's famous ballad. But we do not find " her who would have none of my sympathy " as he did, but instead a clear well with a Latin inscription of the XVIth century which invites us to drink. After having accepted this invitation we go to see, in the Chapel of St. Antoine, frescoes of the same date representing twenty scenes from the life of the Saint.

Almost facing Clans on the opposite hill, lies the village of Bairols.

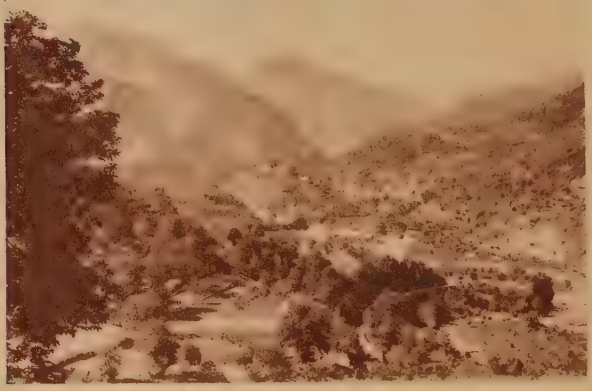
Marie, like Clans and Tours, is built on the heights above the left bank of the river. There is a curious olive-wood statue of the Virgin in the Church there. Facing us on the opposite slope is Ilonse, the birthplace of Ramond Féraud, the troubadour... Descending again into the valley of the Tinée, we soon come to Saint-Saveur, whose old Church has a good altarpiece, a carved reliquary and a silver chalice.

From Saint-Saveur the pretty little valley of la Vionèse breaks off from the Tinée and leads to Roure and Roubion. The parish Church at Roure has an interesting altar-piece, but one must not fail to see the

chapel of St. Sebastian and the beautiful frescoes dedicated to that Saint and signed *Andreas de Cela de Finale (June* 30, 1510*)* In the chapel of St. Sebastian at Roubion there are also frescoes with curious Provençal inscriptions.

Returning to the Tinée, we soon come to the Italian frontier which keeps to the river bank for more than 5 kilometres, so that the valley of Mollières, which we pass on the right is entirely in Italian territory.

Presently we come to Isola (whose full name is *Lieusola*) a pretty



Lantosque.

village lying among green fields. There is a Roman tower there, standing by itself, and in the Chapel of St. Antoine, now transformed into a barn, some remains of frescoes. The waterfall of the Loucle near here which has a fall of nearly 100 metres, is worth seeing.

Before coming to St. Étienne we must climb up to the hamlet of Auron where we are surprised to discover the chapel of St. Erige. This rustic Oratory of the XIIIth or XIVth century, has some good frescoes dated 1451, representing twelve scenes from the life of St. Denis and, six scenes from the life of St. Erige. One can make out, above the apse, traces of an earlier Annunciation, dating doubtless from the XIVth century.

St-Étienne-de-Tinée is the little capital of all this district of the Upper Tinée. It has a fine Roman tower and frescoes in the chapels of St. Maur and St. Sebastian, the latter signed by Canavesi and Baleisoni.

One can make varied excursions from St. Étienne — up to the sources of the Tinée by Vens, le Prat and Bouzieyas, as far as the Col de Pelouse which leads to the valley of Barcelonnette. Near the Col we must notice the ancient Camp of the Fourches (or gallows) the early cistern of the lake-dwellings of Salzo-Moreno, which is emptied nowadays by a gulley through the rocks in which one can hear the marmots whistling. Or one can go up the valley of Jallorgues, visit St. Dalmas-le-Selvage and climb on up to the Col de la Moutière, which

Roubion.

also opens up a way through to the valley of Barcelonnette, or to the Col de Jallorgues a communicating link between the Tinée and the valley of the Entraunes. While there a visit can he paid to the lakes of Estrop. One can also go to the valley of Entraunes by the Val d'Andon and Demandols passing through the Col de Pal.

And finally on the west bank of the Tinée, one should visit the three groups of lakes, Vens, Ténèbres and Rabuons, beautifully situated more than 2000 metres high.

In the project for the utilisation of the power of the Tinée, it is proposed to combine the waters of these three lakes, which, after some constructive work has been carried out, could contain up to 40 million cubic metres of water.

In order to return to Nice, we leave the Tinée valley below

St. Sauveur and taking the road which ascends the valleys of the Bramafam, we will rejoin the Vésubie by the Val-de-Blore and the Col de St. Martin.

On our way we pass the village of Rimplas on a hill to our left and after several windings enters the Val-de-Blore, one of the prettiest little cupshaped valleys of the Alps, nothing but meadows and chestnut trees. Three hamlets constitute the commune of Val-de-Blore, La Bolline, a pretty summer resort, La Roche (where the Church has a *Descent from the Cross* attributed to Annibal Carraci) and St. Dalmas with the remains of its Benedictine monastery at one time famous through the Alps, its Roman church where pilgrims come to worship relics of the true Cross, and where there are two altarpieces and remains of very early frescoes, probably of the XIVth century.

At St. Dalmas we part from the carriage which will go by the Mescla to meet us at St. Martin-Vésubie. We proceed on foot by the Col St. Martin, to that lovely place which has become the principal summer resort in the mountains of Nice. Most of the well-to-do inhabitants of Nice have their villas here. Hotels abound and the place is becoming fashionable. The summer months tend more and more to become the *season*, which is not un-pleasing to the hotelkeepers, nor even to the true Alpinist. But after all what beauty he will always find there ! No palace, no golf-course can ever divert him from the marvellous excursions that abound here. He can go by the Val de Borréon, through forests and pasture-lands and climb up to the Cirieja where there is a fine waterfall ; from there he can go to the lake of the Tres Colpas or the lakes of Agnel. Or he can climb by the ravine of the Cavale, up to the majestic heights of Mercantour. Or, he can go up the valley of Salèzes to the Col of that name and from there climb the peaks of the *Frema Morta*. And if he visits the valley of the *Madone des Fenêtres*, there is nothing to prevent him climbing up to the Sanctuary of the Madonna, a famous place

Châteauneuf.
A Deserted Village

of pilgrimage. The statue of this Virgin-of-the-Windows is brought down every year, in procession, to St. Martin where it spends the winter.

In the Church of St. Martin we find two panels, one representing St. Peter and St. Martin, the other St. John and St. Petronilla. We must not leave St. Martin-Vésubie without seeing Venanson on its hill, nor, in its Chapel of St. Sebastian, the fine frescoes dating from 1481 and attributed to Canavesi.

Peillon.

And now we will take the road which leads to Nice by the Vésubie and Levens. About five kilometres from St. Martin the road to Berthémont leads off on our left; there, on a plateau covered with meadows and woods at a height of 900 metres above the sea, are sulphur springs and baths.

Not far from the cross roads of Berthémont we come to Roquebillière, which is proud of its beautiful XIIth century Church, built it is said, by the Templars. It contains an interesting altarpiece of St. Anthony. From there the road ascends to Belvédère.

Here, we come to Bollène in its chestnut woods; and at the foot of the valley, to the old burgh of Lantosque. At Suquet, which lies a little before St. Jeanne-la-Rivière, we take the road which climbs up to Utelle, whose Church is one of the oldest and most beautiful of the district. It has valuable carvings in walnut and a large painting of the Annunciation. The celebrated Church of the Madonna of Utelle stands a little distance away; it commands a fine view in every direction, more than twenty villages are to be seen from there.

At St. Jean-la-Rivière we leave the Vésubie road which, crossing narrow and picturesque gorges, finally rejoins the road up the Var. We

Le Laghet.

climb up to Levens by the old road after having crossed the Duranus and the Saut des Français, that abyss down which the Barbats of 93 are said to have thrown all the prisoners they could take.

Levens is beautifully situated on a fertile plain commanding many different roads. One of the sources of the Paillon rises here and we will follow it on our way back to Nice passing Tourettes-Levens. After that and before coming to St. André we pass on the right the road leading to Falicon, perched up on a hill amongst olive groves.

Fifth Tour.

Col de Nice, Berre, the Escarène, the Gorge of St. Augusta, Lucéram, Peira-Cava, Turini, the Authion, The Mangiabo, Moulinet, Sospel, the Haute Roya, Tenda, Brigue and the Chapel of Fontan, The Flight into Egypt *and the* Judas *St. Dalmas, Fontan, Saorge, Breil, Col de Brouis, Col de Braus.*

From Pointe de Contes where we have been already, we will now follow the Turin road as far as Escarène. We must first climb up the

L'Escarène.

windings of the Col de Nice where the road branches off to Berre, that pretty village perched up on a hill which commands wide views. One sees there the ruins of a Castle, where tradition says, the troubadour, Guillaume Boyer sang the praises of the Princess Violande. In the Church there is a wonderful alabaster image of the Virgin ornamented with gold.

Lying at the foot of the Col de Nice, Escarène is a small city which has grown up at the junction of several important roads. It has a fine XVth century crucifix in its Church.

If we now follow the course of the Paillon of Escarène, downstream we will rejoin the Grave de Peille in crossing the Gorge of the Santa-Augusta, a miniature ravine which is most charming. But today we will take the road to Lucéram, a little village with a great history.

Many famous Orders had establishments at Lucéram-Templars, Monks of Lérins, and Knights of Malta.

Bridge at Sospel.

A very interesting Provençal inscription is carved on the lintel of one of the houses.

Exemple a tota gent
Plus val honor q'aur ni argent.

(Show a good example to everyone; honour is worth more than gold or silver.)

Another, also on a door, is in Latin.

Christo aperiatur
Diabolo claudatur.

(Be open to Christ; shut to the devil.)

The Church of Lucéram was one of the richest of the district. As I said above, many of the primitives now in the *Musée des Beaux-Arts* at Nice, belonged to the Church of Lucéram. It still has four fine altarpieces, one of which is dated 1566, and a silver statuette of the XVth century representing St. Margaret and the Dragon according to some experts, St. Martha according to others. It has also a XIVth century monstrance.

On leaving Lucéram we take the Peira-Cava road, none other than

Masséna's old *Chemin des Canons*, improved and mended. It leads us past the limestone region of the Col Saint-Roch to the magnificent sandstone cliffs of Rocaillon and through the chestnut woods of Tournet to the beech and pine forests of Peira-Cava.

This road is both extraordinary and terrifying. Hewn out of the Rocaillon in cornices, super-imposed the one on the other like the steps of a ladder; when travelling over it by motor it makes one shudder to hang at the turns on the edge of a blue gulf, over giddy abysses.

Peira-Cava stands on a wooded height detached from Authio towards the south. It is a strange situation, for it is not the custom in mountainous countries, that human habitations should perch themselves up in the sky among beech and pine-trees, on the edge of sheer cliffs, composed of sandstone rocks, and where, moreover, there is no water. The reason for the town being so situated is that about forty years ago, this place was a military post round which, little by little, houses grouped themselves.

The Cime de Peira-Cava, a few minutes from the village, and nearly on the edge of this crest, forms, with a height of more than 1500 metres, an exceptional viewpoint which projects as if isolated in the centre of a circle of mountains and from which the eye, gets an uninterrupted and panoramic view.

Old Fountain at Sospel.

The sky up there is extraordinarily clear and pure. Looking towards the sea one can sometimes make out the island of Corsica, just above the Col de Castillon, but only very occasionally and for a short time. It lies well above the level at which one naturally looks for it.

Here at our feet we see the valley of Moulinet, the green saucer of Sospel, then the mass of the Ours and Baudon and a little to the right of Monts Chauve, beside the grim Férion, the stretch of the sea towards Cap d'Antibes, the Islands of Lérins, and the Estérel with the Maures far away in a mist of unreality. But the indescribable wonder is to turn to the north and see the snowy Alps appear as the background to the scene. They glitter in this all-pervading blue of infinite depth — an atmosphere peculiar to the mountains and which, the Alpinist recognizes from every other blue by the wild beating of his heart.

And this wonderful sight, this radiant epic of blue skies and snowy heights, closed up by the grim oultine of Ventabren against the proud heights of Mangiabo with its sharp peak and its green slopes which from a distance seem to take on a rosy tint, all this can be seen from the end of the Promenade des Anglais at sunset. There is nothing in the whole world — so compelling and fascinating as this view the infinite blue from the sea to the mountains.

Let us now take the military road beyond Peira-Cava. It soon enters the fir-woods of the Mairis, which are just as beautiful as the Vosges. At

Peira-Cava. — Winter.

the foot of the Turini we are in the depths of the forests and from there we climb up on to the brows of Authion. We pass the Camp d'Argent, the Fougasse from which, on June 12, 1793 the French attack was launched against the Austro-Sardinians, strongly entrenched on the Authion. Let us follow this famous crest which extends from the foot of Tueis to the summit of Authion. It was on this crest, narrow as the edge of a knife, that without wavering the republicans vainly repeated their furious attack and allowed themselves heroically to be massacred. The traces of Austro-Sardinian and French works are still to be seen under the turf which screens them; when the road was being made quantities of the bones of soldiers of both sides were turned up.

Sospel. — A Square.

The cirque de l'Authion is a vast green pastureland where in summer innumerable clumps of rhododendrons blaze out in gay colours. From Cabanes-Vieilles, at the source of the Bevera, a carriage road leads easily to the foot of the Déa, between Ventabren and Mangiabo. From there, sending the carriage round to meet us at Moulinet, we go down to that village on foot, by the Granges de Propis.

From Moulinet (which, in 1793, was one of the strongholds of the famous *Barbets*, these mountain insurgents against the armies of the Convention) the road follows the Bevera, and shortly before coming to Sospel, we pass the Commenda on our right, with the ruins of the old Priory of Notre-Dame-de-Vierx, which belonged to the monks of Lérins which is mentioned in Alexander IV'-s Bull of the year 1259. The

Marquis of Monléon, the present owner of this lovely place, treasures a very early carved wooden image of the Virgin.

Sospel is a charming little village, situated at the junction of important routes. Its picturesque old bridge which dates from the XIIIth century, is soon to be classified as a historical monument. Sospel used to have nearly 8000 inhabitants. At the beginning of the XVIIth century it still had 6000 according to Alberti the historian who writes :

" The town lies in a ring of hills and is strongly walled. There are five gateways, many palaces, 162 shops, 15 squares, three clear and lovely fountains, four pawnbrokers, a hospital, prisons, a multitude of convents and confraternities, four parishes, many noble families, nearly 30 advocates seven doctors, various Universities, a College of Advocates, an *Académie des " Occupés "*... it was the capital of a Viguerie (a relic of Provençal times) it was moreover " Countess of Moulinet and Castillon ". Although deprived of her Bishop, Sospel still has the Episcopal Chair in her Cathedral.

At the present day Sospel has barely 3500 inhabitants and her Universities and Colleges are merely memories of the past. But the pretty town still wears the dignity of a capital. One sees traces of its former splendour, here and there in its old streets, its fine gates, its arched and cloistered vestibules, its arcaded squares, its numerous chapels from the XVIIth century and above all its parish Church which dates from the XVIth century and is flanked by a tower of even earlier date. This Church is one of the richest of the whole district.

Old Street at Sospel.

In the chapel of the Black Penitents one used

to see the beautiful altarpiece of the *Immaculate Virgin* attributed to François Bréa, and in that of the White Penitents, a fine *Pietà*. These two primitives, which were actually taken away to the Musée Masséna at Nice, were placed on their return, in the parisch Church.

From Sospel we can go up the valley of the Higher Roya as far as Tenda and Brigue. It is near Brigue, at the *Madone du Fontan* that we find Canavesi's famous frescoes, his delightful Flight into Egypt and his terrible *Judas hung* which makes one's blood curdle. This painting of the Curé of Pignerol (Vaud valley) shews a realism which even the most outrageous modernists have never excelled.

The pretty town of Tenda, which is to-day as Provençal as *Niçoise* in character, it might be either Italian as French. It calls up many memories with its old Palace and its tomb of the Lascaris, its old Church of St. Lazare, the ruins of its Castle, and the remembrance of its Counts who played such an important role in the history of Provence.

On the way back we pass St. Dalmas-de-Tenda, then, in French territory, Fontan by the river side with its slaty rocks which in certain

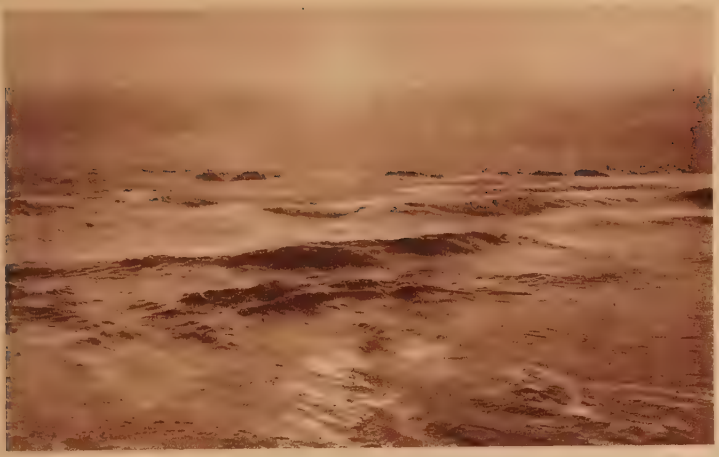
On the way to the Col de Braus.

lights are clouded in lovely shades. We come next to Saorge whose old houses pierced by innumerable openings, and set, as it were, one on the top of the other, against the side of the mountain, remind us of an immense beehive. We pass Breil in its wide valley and then the Col de Brouis with its beautiful slopes leading down into Sospel.

The ascent of the Col de Braus takes us rapidly from Sospel to L'Escarène through the olive groves and vineyards of Merlanson to the green slopes of Col St. Jean and the pine forests of Petit Ventabren. From Col de Braus, the view over the tops of the mountains towards Cap d'Antibes is wonderful.

Then we begin the descent come at last and — everything must come to an end ! — to l'Escarène, after the innumerable windings of a road cut out of the rock sheer above a deep abyss.

An Alpine Shepherd.



A Riviera Sunset.

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